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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 19 - Number 19

February 15, 2002



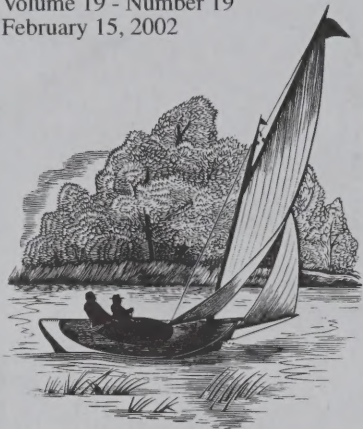
Special Feature This Issue
"Assault on the Marquesas"
"Buffalo HydroFest" - "Erin: A Restoration Journey"

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messing about in BOATS

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Looking Ahead...

It's the dead of winter, so in this issue we bring you a bunch of adventure tales:

Don Besom describes "Paddling the the Potomac"; Hugh Hagan reminisces about growing up on the Rappahanoc in "The River"; Arthur MacDonald tells of his enthusiasm for small boating on Greater Boston waters in "I'm Goin' Sailing!"; Alan Earl chronicles an adventure in British dinghy cruising in "Interlude in a Dinghy"; and Liza Hageraats describes Nova Scotia kayak camping in "The Owl's Head Memorial Row-Around".

The Winters Brothers show us their "Restoration of an Aristo Craft Sea Flash"; and Robb White brings us Part 2 of his "How to Build a Boat Like We Do It".

Joe Nickel tells us all about "Pop-Pop Boats"; while Phil Bolger & Friends have yet to check in.

Lastly Robert Kimball, Sr. explains all about "Boat Portraiture".

On the Cover...

The waters of Florida Bay can really go away at low tide as Ron Hoddinott and friends found out on their "Assault on the Marquesas" adventure featured in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Mid-February is the time of year when I usually hear once again about the annual gathering in early May of small boats at Cedar Key on Florida's relatively unspoiled and secluded northwest coast. Hugh Horton has now given up on me ever attending, the invitation has always been extended and the appeal of the unstructured event has always been strong. Ron Hoddinot's cover story in this issue about some trailer sailors' cruising a bit further south off Key West reminded me of the attraction in early spring of the broad shallow waters, sandy islands, and warm breezes.

Only once in 25 years of messing about in boats have we ever indulged in a trip south in winter to enjoy those appealing conditions. In February of 1987 friends who had chartered a yacht in the British West Indies found, at the last moment, that they were not getting the boat they had chartered, but a much larger one, and cast around for some company. Because we were self-employed and could get away without needing the boss' permission they asked us to join them, and we soon found ourselves arriving in the BVI via jet and local air shuttle to instant summer. I reported in detail on that adventure in the March 15 issue that year.

The Cedar Key gathering comes at an awkward time for us, as in early May Jane's greenhouse is up and running at full speed and cannot be left for more than a day, and if I am to travel so far to some interesting boating activity somewhere, I prefer to do so with her company. Yes, I do go to some local events during her selling season (May and June) without her, these are obviously "business trips". And, yes, I suppose I could fly to the nearest airport to Cedar Key, rent a car and drive over to join the activities as another "business trip". The costs would be deductible business expenses, but really not affordable even so.

And, I wouldn't have my own boat (Seda Glider sea kayak currently) and would have to sign on as "crew" for someone who did have a boat with room aboard for me. To bring my own boat, as does Hugh from frozen Michigan, would entail two long days over the roads,

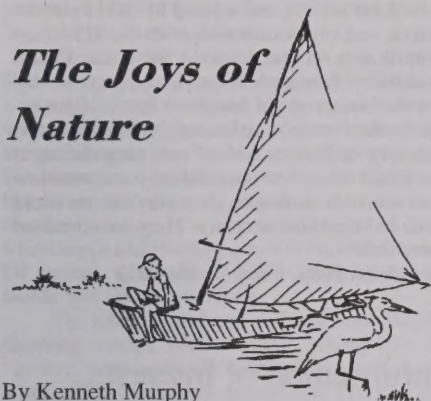
not something I would enthusiastically undertake in my 1986 Subaru Brat pickup, and certainly not alone. Otherwise it would be a manageable time frame to be away, probably six days in all.

Last fall I actually went off for six days on a nostalgia trip to a reunion of fellow former off-road motorcyclists, veterans of that sport's major annual international event, in which I competed twice. I travelled overland to St. Louis, Missouri with one of those vets, who is also a friend who lives an hour away, in his '87 Ford tin box van usually used to haul trash to the dump weekly, so we could bring along bikes (both his) to ride. This meant 46 hours over four days driving each way over endless Interstates amongst fleets of huge 80mph trucks to take part in a two day gathering. It was reminiscent of my old racing days when we travelled forever to compete, but I never thought I'd ever do that again. It took my friend's enthusiastic prompting and arranging to motivate me to go.

Travel to me is anathema, driving is a chore and the expense of flying is not justifiable unless circumstances are really significant. I explain to many who suggest to me that I might like to attend their event or activity and do a story on it that indeed I would like to do so, were they not so far away. My present rule of thumb on such travel is that if I cannot get there in one day's driving, it's too far. The Missouri trip mentioned obviously violated this maxim, but unless you know my friend and his powers of persuasion, you cannot understand this aberrant behaviour on my part.

Well, this old stick-in-the-mud, stay-at-home attitude is partially offset by the vicarious experience enjoyed when I read and publish your stories about your activities and events. For real, as opposed to vicarious, pleasures in messing about in boats, I can indulge in the provincialism of attending local activities, and this is something that I could do more. Is this a New Year's resolution? Well, I dunno, we'll see.

The Joys of Nature



By Kenneth Murphy

Introduction

Kayaking, canoeing, and trailer sailing lead us to many different bodies of water. We experience the open waters of oceans and bays. We explore lakes, rivers, and creeks. We always seem to find a quiet place to anchor for the night. As we glide along the shore or swing about the anchor, we can't help but observe the plants and animals that are attracted to the same quiet places. Salt water has its plants and animals, while brackish and fresh water are the homes of a different set of creatures.

As editor of the *Shallow Water Sailor*, a newsletter that goes out to 130 trailer sailors, I started a periodic column concerning the natural things that are encountered while messing about in boats. I suggested to Bob Hicks, "why not start such a column in *MAIB*?" He agreed, and so this is the first such column. I hope that the boatmen of *MAIB* will read and appreciate these monthly reports.

Why do boatmen need such a column? I am reminded of a naturalist who was imagining an average sort of person, with little knowledge of nature, walking through a woods. The naturalist thought, this was almost like a person walking through an art museum where all the paintings had been turned around and so the person could only see the backside of each painting. I have felt that way many times when I observe, from my boat, a plant or animal I had little or no knowledge about.

So the point of the column is to "turn the pictures around" so we can better enjoy and understand what we see while on our little boats.

I am just an average boater and certainly no trained naturalist, so I can use help from those with naturalist training and experience. Also, since my personal experience focuses on the Chesapeake Bay, I'm weak concerning fresh water flora and fauna. Therefore, I request readers send their own experiences about nature to me at <kgmurphy@erols.com> for publication in this column.

The Muskrat

Now here is the perfect animal to start the series! The muskrat loves the water as much as we do. When you see a little furry head moving through the water in the marshes, it's a good bet that it's a muskrat! It is a common and frequently seen aquatic rodent found throughout the wetlands of the United States. We have lots around the marshes of the Chesapeake Bay. They are so plentiful, the folk on the Eastern Shore of Maryland trap them for

meat and for pelts. "You ain't tasted nuttin' 'til ya've tasted some good rat!"

The muskrat is a large rodent. It has rich brown to blackish fur that is nearly waterproof. Its head is broad and blunt with short ears barely visible beyond the fur. Its tail is scaled, nearly hairless, and somewhat flattened on the sides. The accompanying pen and ink drawing, by Karen Teramura, comes from *Chesapeake Bay, A Field Guide* by Christopher P. White

These animals are really built to swim. With their webbed hind feet acting as paddles and their tail as a rudder, muskrats can swim at a speed up to 3 miles per hour and can even swim backwards. The muskrat can give a warning slap with its tail, similar to the beaver, and remain submerged for as long as 15 minutes.

Muskrats live in or near water most of their lives. They make their homes in bank dens or lodges similar to those of the beaver but smaller in size. Muskrats excavate dens by burrowing into the banks of slow-moving streams with their sharp front claws. The dens are complete with dry chambers and underwater tunnels, and there are ventilation holes which are hidden at the surface by shrubs, branches, and thick vegetation. The lodges, constructed with aquatic plants, brush and mud, are usually situated on a foundation of brush, or a stump or are occasionally built up from the bottom of the wetland. Several small feeding huts that are similar to, but less complex than the lodges, may be constructed within the muskrat's territory. Here the animal will periodically feed while protected from predators and harsh weather. So when you see this critter dive near the shore and not reappear, he probably has entered his den through an underwater passage.

As you would expect, muskrats have a high reproductive rate, producing up to four litters per year, each with six to seven young. They are polygamous and breeding takes place from late March through July. After a gestation period of 28 to 30 days, the young are born blind, helpless, and almost naked. In two weeks, their eyes open and in approximately eight weeks they are weaned from their mother.

Muskrats are active throughout the year and, although mainly nocturnal, are sometimes seen during the day. They are susceptible to cold and wind, and spend more time in their dens during the winter. Although several may share a lodge during the winter, muskrats are

highly territorial and aggressive toward each other. In fact, a female may kill newly-weaned young in an effort to drive them away before the arrival of a new litter. The muskrat's normal home range is usually within 200 yards of its den, although it may travel several miles over land in search of suitable habitat.

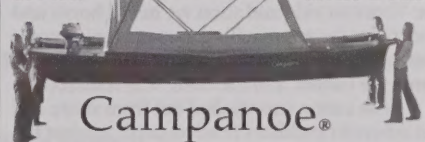


The muskrat is mainly a wetland plant eater, although a clam, frog or fish will do fine. The shore people call 'im rats, we call 'im muskrats, and the egg heads call them *ondatra zibethicus*. But when I see one I think of Mr. Rat in Kenneth Grahame's book *Wind in the Willows*. Mr. Rat said, "There is nothing - absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." So when you think of the water and all the fun you have in your little boat, you also must think of the muskrat and of Mr. Rat who answers Mr. Mole's question about why he loves the water so, by saying, "By it and with it and on it and in it. It's brother and sister to me, and food and drink, and washing. It's my world and I don't want any other. What it hasn't got is not worth having, and what it doesn't know is not worth knowing."

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Olympic Torch Carried by Canoe

An event of considerable interest to canoeists has received little mention in the media, so I thought an eye-witness report might be worthwhile.

As dawn broke with a cloudy light, a few spectators brave enough to stand idle in a temperature of 18 degrees gathered along the Vermont and New Hampshire shores of the Connecticut River to watch preparations for the Olympic Torch to be carried in a canoe from West Lebanon, New Hampshire to Lyman Point, White River Junction, Vermont. The date was December 29, 2001, and the Torch was en route to the Olympic Games in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Of special interest was the fact that the three people travelling across the river were all members of the Vermont Abenaki tribe. The skilled paddlers were Chris Charlebois and Wes Dickman, and the young torch bearer was Casey Rae Frates of South Hero, Vermont. The canoe was a wooden strip-built model and the paddlers were dressed in Abenaki attire.

The canoe had been put into the water near a bridge at the only spot on the New Hampshire bank where the paddlers and passenger could step off rock ledge directly into the canoe. In what I assumed to be an Abenaki tradition, each member of the group took a single blade paddle and, in turn, blew pipe smoke over the entire surface. Contents of a pottery vessel were also tipped into the river.

As the time of departure approached, a large crowd started to fill the bridge above and the Vermont shoreline. I overheard the paddlers discussing the crossing, a challenge in this area of shallow, frigid water and very swift currents. A rubber rescue raft came over from the Vermont side and soon we heard horns and cheers for the approaching caravan that accompanies the running torch bearer. Down the hill came the runner and the flame was transferred.

The canoe was pushed out from shore and the Abenaki paddlers headed north against the current, then turned south closer to the Vermont shore to fly down the river to its junction with the White River. They turned up the White briefly and then landed heading upstream at Lyman Point. The flame was passed on to the torch of another runner and we, on the New Hampshire side, thrilled to the sight of it being carried up the Vermont hillside.

This eventful canoe crossing was short in time but will be long in memory.

Nancy C. Jerome, East Thetford, VT

Adventures & Experiences...

Greetings from Jim

A Happy New Year from the gang here at Grand Mesa Boatworks, may the new year hold plenty of time for fun.

At this point I was going to segue into a full fledged commercial which would ease you from the mad rush of an over commercialized Christmas into the need for a simpler, gentler

lifestyle, exemplified by simple but satisfying rowing and sailing craft. However, on reading it over I realized it was a pot and kettle deal.

I got to thinking instead about what a fun year it has been and all the people who made it so. Thanks to all the Utah folks who were such good and helpful company on the Kokopelli. Special gratitude to Steve and Dewitt who have been a major help on the Novia project, I'd have probably never started it otherwise. Not to mention Dewitt's resurrection of the old schooner and Steve's rejuvenation of the tired pulling boat.

Our old buddy Dennis, besides being a spark plug of the Kokopelli, hauled two hulls back to Minnesota. His emails are enlivened by photos of the great work he is doing. His lovely wife Linda actually seems to encourage this aberrant behavior.



The Bahia de los Angeles expedition was great fun thanks to Steve, Dennis and the Artist, who did all the heavy lifting. I know you all realize that I would love to help more but someone has to mind the video.

Thanks also to all the friends and customers from So Cal to the northwest and across to the east coast who have helped with kind words and purchase money, especially the two big deposits on the as yet virtual 22' fantail.

Last, but by no means least, thanks to our link to the outside world, Bob Hicks, who cheerfully prints all the stuff we dump on him.

As I write, it is only five days to the top of the night hump, from whence we can psychologically coast down to the long sailing days of spring. Think Starvation in May.

Jim, Janis, Steven, Chip, Grand Mesa Boatworks LLC, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran CO 91624, <jimthayerboats@hotmail.com>

Not Looking to Race

I just read again "Push on Your Oars!" in the October 15 issue. I have an Old Town Pack canoe, only 33lbs and easy to put on my van roof. I frequently row it while fishing or when paddling is difficult. I sit on a boat cushion with my back at just about the center, wear sunglasses with a bicyclist clip-on rear view mirror, cost about \$15. The only time it's necessary to turn around is when the river is so narrow I have to paddle through. I also have a 12' aluminum boat with two pairs of oarlocks for push or pull rowing. At 72 years of age I'm not looking to race anyone, I'll leave that to young kids like Curtis Nichols, he's only 62.

Edmond Bourgeois, Hudson, MA.

Joined the Auxiliary

Last month, influenced by 9/11 terrorist attack and my connection with the US Coast Guard as a retiree, I joined the Coast Guard Auxiliary. It is a great outfit and a great way for the boater to get involved in a civilian organization promoting boating safety, and now, the very important task of relieving the regular Coast Guard of non-military and non-law enforcement duties so they can devote more time to homeland security. They are stretched very thin!

John Potts, Crownsville, MD

Information of Interest...

ACCESSAIL 2002

During the latter part of 2001 we have been developing a sailing program for disabled sailors at the Duxbury Bay Maritime School. This program, called ACCESSAIL, drew over 35 participants in four "try sailing" days. Participants hailed from the Cardinal Cushing School, the Braintree Habilitation Assistance Program, the Massachusetts Department of Mental Retardation, the Carson Center from Westfield, and the Greenery in Middleboro. The response to these sailing outings from participants, instructors and volunteers was, in the words of a participant, "a great success and a once in a life time opportunity!"

Students, like the 96 year old mentally challenged gentleman who had always "wanted to go sailing" and the young woman born with spinal bifida and lower limb paralysis yet eager for a new independent adventure, typify the range and appeal of this program.

Based on these experiences, ACCESSAIL 2002 will offer both a recreational and an instructional program. We were pleased to receive a private donation for the purchase of two Martin 16s which are designed to be sailed independently by disabled skippers. The Martins, on loan this past summer, received rave reviews from several notable Duxbury sailors and by three physically disabled students who had an opportunity to test sail them. These boats will be used in the instructional ACCESSAIL program next summer.

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263A, Duxbury, MA 02331

More on Houseboats

The finest specialty book I've ever seen on houseboats is *Handmade Houseboats*, by Russell Conder, published by International Marine, Camden, ME. A possible companion is *Shantyboat* by Harlan Hubbard, published by University Press of Kentucky. It is so good Conder makes special reference to it in his writings.

I enclose a page from an old *Plans to Build From* boatbuilding book about a sailing houseboat:

Rufus, a Sailing Houseboat: Rufus is meant to move under sail and power, although she's unlikely to set any speed records. Iconoclast George Buehler has built his reputation designing rugged, salty-looking boats that are easily built using materials no more exotic than you can find in the neighborhood lumberyard.

His plans catalog is worth sending for even if you don't want to build a boat; it's better reading than the *National Lampoon*.

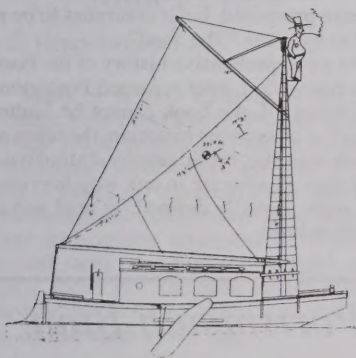
Here's what George has to say about Rufus: "Some years ago I designed Rufus for a guy who lived along the Intracoastal Waterway in Florida. I had a lot of fun thinking it up, and I mean to own one myself some day. I've thought of building it way up the Columbia River and floating down to Astoria, or maybe building it at the headwaters of the Mississippi and floating down to New Orleans. Of course, it would be a fine craft for quiet fiords just about anywhere.

The idea was a cheap and simple-to-build floating camp, with a small inboard or a "power" outboard, like a British Seagull, and a big sail to loaf along downwind. The hull is just a plywood box covered with fiberglass cloth and epoxy, and would be no challenge to build.

The house is set well back from the hull to give lots of deck space. Since I designed it, I've thought I might extend the house clear out to the side decks and back to the stern, leaving the foredeck as the helm. One guy said he was planning to build it that way and attach a diving board to the back of the house roof, which sounds pretty good to me. This would open up the interior considerably and give room for permanent bunks rather than the fold-down system shown here. However, as drawn the extra deck space is nice for lolling about in warm climates, and gives holds on each end for crab pots, fishing gear, and the like. And folding up the couch to make a bed sounds like more hassle than it actually is.

Length on Deck 33'; Beam 11'; Draft 1'3" (leeboards up); Designer George Buehler, PO Box 966 Freeland, Whidbey Island, WA 98249.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA



Editor Comments: We reviewed *Shantyboat* in our July 1, 1991 issue. Anyone wishing a copy of the review send us a SASE #10 size. Norm also sent us a 1904 book entitled *The Houseboat Book: Log of a Cruise from Chicago to New Orleans*, which we are considering reprinting in serialized form this year.

The Old Elcos & Other Goodies

I enjoyed the Weston Farmer article about the old Elcos in the January 1 issue. A cousin of my mother had an Elco 34 which I had the pleasure of cruising on in 1946 after my discharge from the service. It was very nice boat, very comfortable and classy.

Ken Hankinson Associates, P.O. Box 272, Hayden Lake ID 83835 has, or did have,

the plans for the Elco 26, I bought a set in 1996 and they were great, blue print sized. Also included was a copy of the *Elco Boating* of May, 1929 which described the Elco 26 in great detail. The Elco 26 was designed in 1925 and "was to power boating in the '20s, what Henry Ford's Model T was to automobiling."

Other recent enjoyable and informative articles in my view were Berkeley Eastman's "Houseboats You Can Build" in the January 1 issue, very interesting concepts and inexpensive, and Fred Shell's CrabClaw Cat in the December 15 issue, which looks like a real winner to me. Now at age 81 I do enjoy a little comfort in a boat which will not easily spill a can of beer. I've owned a lot of racing catamarans but now it's time to slow down.

Gordon Hurley, Wading River, NY.

Editor Comments: Our December 1, 1987 issue cover story was a six page feature on the Elco 26 entitled "A Summer Home Afloat, Rent Free!", including a reprint of an article, with photos, about it from *Elco Boating* and a centerspread featuring full side and top view drawings. We can supply photocopies to interested readers for \$1 to cover cost of copying and 1st Class mailing in a 9"x12" envelope.

Information Needed...

Cape Dory Typhoon Weekender

I am seeking a replacement for my Cape Dory Typhoon Weekender that was destroyed in a boatyard fire in late December, located close enough to Sedgwick, Maine to be transported there, meaning, I suppose, more or less from anywhere in New England.

J. Hillis Miller, Dept. of English & Comparative Literature, University of California, Irvine, CA 92697, (949) 824-0672, <jhmill@uci.edu>

A Rowing Double

Several years ago I built a WineGlass Wherry from a kit supplied by Pygmy Kayaks. I have rowed her all over the New England coast twelve months out of the year and she has proven to be seaworthy and just a delight to row.

Last summer my 24 year old son and I had the use of a friend's Gloucester Gull to row double in several races here in Massachusetts. Having now returned that boat to its owner we are looking to buy something for this coming season.

Craig Robinson, 156 Lincoln St., Hingham, MA 02043, (781) 749-7954.

Opinions...

High on CrabClaw Cat

I'm still on a high on Fred Shell's CrabClaw Cat. Even if the rig weren't as efficient as he feels/claims, I'd say that the lack of weight and top hamper even up the scales. I hope that he can explain his feelings about the great efficiency of the design. I'm guessing containment of air funneled back with some force.

Shell's reefing looks great; with a heavy enough yard and greased blocks it may not need even a downhaul. The only limitation against being hit with crippling gusts seems tack travel. Like to know more about that. I'm strongly in favor of unstayed masts on marconis where you can let the sheet go to have the sail fly harmlessly over a bow quarter. His bipod should also be a winner in lack of weight.

I came across some rare info on hp/sf of sails. Believe it was something like 5hp/1200sf on a run. Maybe less. The CrabClaw's very low CE interests me greatly. Designers tell us what they think a sail will produce. Tom Colvin's the only one stating the marconi's singular advantage is going to windward. Baader's the only one stating spinakers produce only about 2% advantage due to the volume of air that has to be pushed aside.

I'm appalled at three spreaders on the "Cup" designs. Weight, air drag, hull drag from heeling, ballast, etc. I've experienced joining a friend on his Cal 30 too late to enter the Wet Wednesday. With only the working sails we sailed alongside the racers replete with spinakers. Explanation: Our bow was not depressed from downward force vectors.

Got to thinking about the rather overwhelming task of building two hulls. Now if such small hulls cannot provide any habitation space for humans, maybe they can be made of a side-slab of 1/2"-1" plywood but with expanded foam affixed and covered with epoxied fiberglass.

I have been looking into alternative means of carrying small boats, one approach being kits to lengthen pickup truck chassis. Just got a Heater's catalog showing square tubing extensions capable of carrying up to 350lbs. With some vertical members and wire bracing I imagine the 350lbs limit could be increased significantly. I remember various metal/pneumatic ways of stiffening rear axle assemblies. First-rate trailer accessory shops have all manners and means of such items.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Projects...

It's a Swiftly II

Looking through the December 15 issue I noticed a familiar looking boat gracing the centerfold. A Swiftly. A Swiftly II! I recently took delivery of one of Fred Shell's kits, I bought it for Shamus Doneagain as my wife won't let me have any more boat kits or boats.

I chose this boat because of its inexpensive price and very good looks. Talking with Fred, I learned of his building process, and realized it to be idiot proof, or at least Shamus proof.

It's going together fast and easy, a 10 year old could do it. Shamus has it almost together in a couple of weekends while just messing about with it. This is by far the easiest to build and most complete kit I have ever found. The stitching holes are drilled, even the screws come with it. It's missing only paint, and Fred would probably include it if you wanted.

He has a most surprising list of kits available. I'll report soon on how Shamus made out.

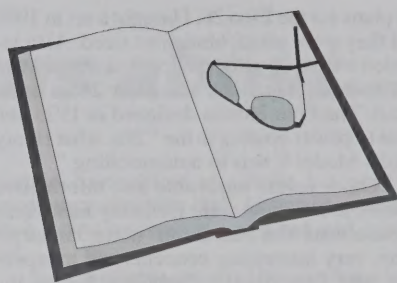
Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Do Your Job!

An Illustrated Bicentennial History of The Portsmouth Naval Shipyard

By Richard E. Winslow
The Portsmouth Marine Society, 2000
306 pages

Reviewed by Robert Osgood



Book Reviews

The reviewer wishes to state his bias flat out. I am a Navy veteran whose son lives within sight of the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard and have more than a passing interest in the sea. That said, I will attempt a critical review. Because I was to review the book, I perhaps did a more careful reading than I would otherwise have done. This brought to my attention the importance of the preface or prologue.

In the preface, the author clearly states his purpose in writing *Do Your Job!* While this is not the first book to delve into the history of Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, I believe he intended it to be the most comprehensive. Without reading the others, I have to believe he has succeeded. Winslow includes much new material and previously unpublished photographs which he has gleaned from his research. As the subtitle shows, he wanted to honor the PNS's Bicentennial. He makes very clear in the preface that he does not intend to cover in any sort of depth the several important events usually associated with the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard.

Those of you even casually acquainted with naval history would recognize that the 1939 sinking of the submarine *USS Squalus* off the Isles of Shoals and the subsequent rescue of more than half the crew using safety devices developed by Lieutenant Charles B. Momson, as well as the 1963 loss of the *USS Thresher*, are clearly a part of PNS history. Both subs were built at Portsmouth. Winslow wisely points out that the scope of the task of covering two hundred years of history prevents any sort of extensive treatment of these and other important moments surrounding Portsmouth. Readers looking for more should look elsewhere, such as the full-length books that exhaust the subject.

I myself lean toward books that deal with the issue in as much detail as possible. However, the author should not be faulted on this score since he is compressing two hundred event filled years into one volume. That the author is well equipped to play this role cannot be doubted. He is the author of several previous books dealing with the Portsmouth area, as well as the shipyard itself, and his field of study is nineteenth-century American history with an emphasis on things maritime.

Portsmouth Naval Shipyard has always been known as the Yard by those living in and around the Portsmouth/Kittery area. The book would suggest that the relationship between the Yard and the townspeople has been nothing but harmonious. Given the economic impact of the Yard on the surrounding towns and the wide cycles of activity, this is somewhat surprising. I would tend to attribute it to enlightened management at the Yard and perhaps the element of patriotism. Throughout the entire history of Portsmouth, it has been a

struggle for survival, as the forces in Washington vacillate on the issue of military preparedness and the size of the budget required. In this case, of course, it is not only the magnitude of the budget as a whole, but which shipyards will be awarded the contracts.

The Yard is now operating at about the same level as immediately prior to WW II, approximately 4,000 workers. The peak was reached in 1943 with a workforce of over 20,000. The period 1941-1945 witnessed an unprecedented and unequalled achievement for the Yard with the building of seventy-nine submarines. Included in that record is the construction of the sub *Cisco* from keel-laying to launch in fifty-six days. A remarkable feat. On January 24, 1944, the Yard launched four subs for a one-day record that still holds.

The success which two hundred years of continuous operation validates appears to be the result of pride of workmanship, an awareness of the importance of efficiency and, of course, good political connections. The order of the preceding is deliberate. *Do Your Job* is successful in conveying to the reader the hearty sense of esprit de corps that has permeated the Yard throughout its long history. During the long years of World War II, there was a dramatic sense of urgency. While not members of the armed services, the workers were, in every respect, as gung ho.

In order to give prospective readers of *Do Your Job* a flavor of what awaits them, here are several unrdated, but interesting, bits of history gleaned from my reading.

In 1884, the *USS Jeannette* expedition of twenty-five men was stranded in the Arctic. Navy Secretary William E. Chandler sent a three-vessel rescue party to search for survivors. Lt. Greely, the leader, and seven remaining members arrived at Portsmouth Naval Shipyard to a tumultuous welcome. This single event garnered much needed support for the U.S. Navy's role in peacetime, non-military service.

In 1918, a young Humphrey Bogart, while escorting a prisoner to Portsmouth for internment in the Naval Prison was injured in a botched escape attempt. He received wounds which remained with him for life. The resulting lip scar may have even enhanced his movie career for it gave him a permanent scowl.

On April 21, 1920, the effects of Prohibition were felt at the Yard as the sub S-8 was christened using Portsmouth ginger ale instead of the customary champagne. With the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, ships were once more launched with the "real stuff".

In May, 1945, following Germany's sur-

render, several U boats were escorted to Portsmouth, including U-234. What was special about U-234? It was known to be carrying important material and plans destined for Japan. Additionally, on board were two high ranking Japanese naval officers whose presence in Japan was sought. On May 19, the Coast Guard cutter *Argo*, under the command of Lt. Charles E. Winslow accepted the captured sub off the Isles of Shoals and escorted her into Portsmouth harbor. Could it be that the author is related to Lt. Winslow?

The two Japanese officers were not aboard as they had committed suicide and their bodies were dumped overboard. What developed was a three-ring circus as conflicting agencies fought for control over unfolding events. The publicity value surrounding the arrival of this particular vessel and its crew was significant, but was tempered by the need for secrecy due to the ongoing war with Japan. Portsmouth Naval Shipyard was once again in the spotlight.

Although this book does not reveal it, this may not have been PNS's finest hour. The German prisoners were not well treated and may, in fact, have been brutalized by prison guards. The prisoners were stripped of their personal possessions and the boat looted. The most valuable officers and crew were flown from Sanford, Maine to Washington. The remainder were transported to the Charles Street Jail in Boston. What had occurred was the result of pent up anger and lack of discipline on the part of the Naval Prison guards and probably should not reflect badly on the Yard workers.

The Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, firmly planted in New Hampshire as a result of a recent U.S. Supreme Court decision, remains vibrant and open for business as a repair and overhaul facility for submarines. Its dominance in the area is reduced as other industries have prospered, but it continues to be referred to by all as "The Yard".

As a comprehensive history of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, later renamed Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, the book cannot be faulted. Winslow is an eminent historian, the notes are copious and the bibliography extensive. I would urge all who are in any way interested in the topic, broadly defined, to read and retain this volume.

Portsmouth-Built

Submarines of the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard"

By Richard E. Winslow
Paper Edition, June 2000, \$15
The Portsmouth Marine Society
Box 147, Portsmouth, NH 03802

Reviewed by Dick Hutchins

We always called it the Yard in my family. Grandfather and Dad worked on the WWI subs. Uncle Harry was there the longest as a pipe fitter during WWII. Cross the I-95 Bridge over the Piscataqua River between Portsmouth, N.H. and Kittery, Maine and down river lies Fernald's Island, site of the Yard. It stands firmly within the borders of the State

of Maine, despite numerous attempts by New Hampshire to annex it.

The author of this bibliography, son of a career Naval officer, is very familiar with the area and submarines. He spent his early years at submarine bases in Pearl Harbor, New London, and Portsmouth. He is a researcher and librarian at the Portsmouth Public Library and the Portsmouth Historical Society. One of his other books, *The Piscataqua Gundalow: Workhorse for a Tidal Basin Empire*, should also be of interest to readers.

This study covers the fifty-seven year period between the 1914 contract to build the L-8 and the 1971 commissioning of the *Sand Lance*. Some background is given from the beginning in 1800, but the focus is on about a dozen submarines with extraordinary histories. Among those covered are: *Squalus*, *Dolphin*, *Surcouf*, *Sailfish*, *Trout*, *Grenadier*, *Crevalle*, *Archerfish*, *Albacore*, and the ill-fated *Thresher*.

This little volume is a "niche" book, it fills the spaces between a ponderous history and a cold impersonal listing of facts. The Yard covers about fifty acres of island, yet in so little space, a vast amount of American history has occurred. Isaac Hull was once commander here. David Farragut died here. Old Ironsides was renewed where nuclear submarines are now overhauled. As if to prove "There is Nothing New Under the Sun", a cocaine ring was discovered at the Naval Prison in 1909! The Treaty of Portsmouth, ending the Russo-Japanese War, was signed here in 1905.

Would I buy this book? You bet! No political correctness here, just wood chips, grease, hot steel, and the smell of diesel fuel. Great stuff!

Mini-Review

By C. Henry Depew

Many of us have sailboats in the 22' to 34' range. How about a boat 24' to 32' in length (average length around 30') with a six person crew designed for off-shore use? The 20' mast could be raised (or lowered) while underway in most sea conditions because of the mast-step design and rigging arrangement. While the bow and stern raise higher, the depth amidships is about 30". The basic design was perfected in the 1870s to 1880s with the result seen on the water to this day.

Want to know more about this boat design? If so, find a copy of the Mystic Seaport Museum's publication:

The Whaleboat:

*A Study of Design, Construction,
And Use from 1850 to 1970*

By Willits D. Ansel

Published by Mystic Seaport Museum 1983

One Reader's Endorsement

Six years ago a book was favorably reviewed in this magazine (March 15, 1995). I recently ordered a copy from an ad in the classifieds (see end of this letter) and wish to give it my unreserved recommendation.

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar is a book I couldn't put down. I read it through the first night and later reread it with undiminished fascination. An older retired couple with no rowing experience made a trip from the San Juan Islands near Seattle to Ketchikan, Alaska in a 17' open dory. This 750 mile voyage, lasting 67 adventure paced days, is something those of us who live in this area dream of doing. But we envision ourselves in a steel hulled vessel with radar, epirb, life rafts, inside heaters, etc.

Why? Because these waters traversed by Pete and Nancy Ashenfelter are among the wildest remote regions of the settled world. Tidal currents are fierce, there are unprotected sections open to the North Pacific to cross, fog is frequent and thick, it rains most of the time, camping spots amongst the cliffs are scarce, as are sources of help in time of trouble.

I think my fellow readers would be entertained and inspired by the well written narrative by Nancy, and her late husband Pete, Ashenfelter.

Jack Hornung, Seattle, WA

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar

A book about adventure of retired couple
rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska
Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue

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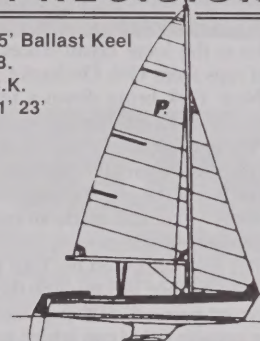
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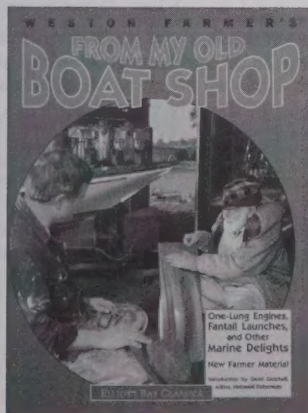
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Wicked Fast

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Sunday August 12th was a great day for Human Powered Boats (HPBs)! 18 boats made it to Buffalo, plus a couple of kiddie-PowerPaddlers, Frank in his FinSwimmer attire, and Orrin's "Grunge Bucket III" instant boat held together with only SikaFlex adhesive. There were two WaveBikes brought from Virginia by George Tatum and Jeff Herrick of NCF; Orrin Christy and Linda Lindsey had their SeaCycle; George Eicholzer and David Cruikshank brought their SeaCycle from Toronto;

I towed the LegShell and a WaveWalker from Georgia; Jake Free debuted his OP-1 Spirit boat from Indiana; Grant Brooks came in from Toronto with his new JetBlade paddlewheel add-on for canoes; the ProPhish guys came all the way from Utah with three WaterSkippers; Ray Buresch of HydroBikes flew in from Minnesota to hook up with Jim Chilton who is the local HydroBikes dealer; and we had reps from Oak Orchard Canoe & Kayak in New York bring down a few standard kayaks plus a Hobbie Mirage tandem.

I got in very late Friday night after 900 miles over the road, then met Orrin and Linda at Hoyt Lake to set the race course early Saturday morning. Orrin had made an ingenious set of a dozen buoys with cement filled coffee cans or 2 liter pop bottles on the lake bottom, a rope up to the surface and through the handle of a fluorescent painted milk jug, then down to a smaller cement filled can which he calculated to the desired amount of ballast for the jug. Ray and Jim from HydroBikes dropped by during the setup, then headed for Niagara Falls. Moving the buoys around was easy because they were self adjusting, so with me surveying from shore and their expert maneuvering on the SeaCycle, we laid the 100m lane and slalom buoys faster than I'd seen it done before.

In late afternoon the WaveBike team arrived (George and Jeff), Frank met us at the lake, and we all headed back to the RV parking lot to pitch our tents (we stayed at the KOA and slept amongst the rolling houses). Dinner during drywall installation at the Italian restaurant was good, Jake and Felix joined us later and we sat around the campfire to talk boats and prop design, racing stuff, and even had a chess discussion led by Grand Master Frank. It was fantastic to finally put faces with so many e-mail addresses!

Frank and I did the set up at the lake early on Sunday morning while the boaters prepared their craft. We were a bit worried about rain, but it never did more than sprinkle, and the sky cleared by late afternoon. Temps were in the upper 70s I guess, maybe 80, so it was a welcome relief from the heat wave that had been gripping the area. There was never more than a slight breeze during the event, which made for some great racing conditions. Also good news was that the City of Buffalo had left the three docks installed for the ASME Solar Splash event back in June, and that made life soooo much easier for everyone.

There were a few weeds around the perimeter of the lake, but not many and none along the race course. Water depth is about 7' to 12', and there was a nice long cement patio for spectators around one corner of the lake. The Art Gallery and Historical Museum across the street made a nice backdrop for us, the trees around the rest of the lake provided good scenery, and since there are not normally any boats allowed on this little lake, we had no wakes or

Buffalo HydroFest

By Ron Drynan

traffic to worry about. I'd call this one of the best HPB race venues I've seen yet, with the exception of its distance from where I live.

There was one absolutely horrible catastrophe, and I can't begin tell you how bad I feel about it. Felix, his brother and Mom drove down from Montreal with his new boat *Felix the Cat*. The workmanship is impeccable, and he's laid out the boat very much like *Close to Perfection* with one major difference; the props are directly below the riders' feet, beside each hull. The hulls are 24' and only 6" wide, and from the looks of them they're very fast. He's even made them to break down into three 8' sections each for easy stowing in a small trailer. In true HPB tradition the boat had never been water tested before the event, as he was still working on it at the campsite on Saturday night. I'd brought a couple of George's Seagull props as loaners because the Bollys didn't arrive in time, and we were looking forward to seeing this boat in action.

Unfortunately, all the parts didn't get stowed in the car or tent, and some low-life scum had the audacity to steal a box with some critical components right off the campsite! What in the world are those cretins going to do with a bunch of HPB parts? This left Felix unable to assemble his drivetrains, and he could not find #35 chain anywhere nearby despite trying Home Depot and a local hardware store. Between all the other boaters, there may have been enough spare parts and tools to get him up and running, but without the chain and a few other critical bits, it was hopeless.

They handled the disappointment with remarkable grace, and showing great spirit they wrapped PFDs around the cross-braces for makeshift seats, then ran the boat through the 100m timing traps with canoe paddles for propulsion. I think their time was something like 46 seconds, which is in the same range as my PropCat V1.0, and faster than many of the manufactured boats could hope for! Once again Felix, I extend my sympathy for the injustice done to you, and I'm very much looking forward to seeing your boat in full racing mode!

There was an excellent corps of volunteers helping take pictures, shoot video, time the races, coordinate demo-ride waiver forms, man the brochure tent, sell WaterCycling videos, and help with take-down at the end of the day. My Dad, three of my sisters and a brother-in-law lent their services, as well as a buddy who lives in nearby Toronto. Between them, Frank and the HPBers, everything found its way into and out of my trailer, and ran quite smoothly in between.

The racing results can be summarized easily; WaveBike won. George was riding the racing version, and Jim Hawkings from Whitehorse, Yukon happened to be in Toronto visiting family so he dropped by the HydroFest and raced on a stock OEM WaveBike. George has done a fantastic job of tweaking the WaveBike into a racing machine, and between he and his guest mutant-pedalist, the rest of us mere mortals had no hope for gold. No displacement boat sprint records fell because George was just 35/100ths on the wrong side

of that nasty 20 second barrier, but watching the WaveBikes dominate every event from Sprints to Slalom to Criterium was quite inspirational.

George was kind enough to run my LegShell through the 100m, and it performed as expected with the two short floats, clocking in at 27.79 seconds. My lame attempt at a single, sleeker outrigger float failed miserably, but I've got big plans for improvements over the fall and winter. LegShell was not quite fast enough to beat Jake on his OP-1 Spirit boat after his best run of 27.76 seconds. We'll have to wait for the pictures for details on the configuration of his long main hull with a large proa, but just to give you an idea, I heard someone say they're pretty sure they saw one like it in the movie *Waterworld*.

We had very close results in the Slalom course, with George winning at 1:46.82, and everyone else ranging between 2 to 2.5 minutes. For some strange reason I couldn't talk anyone into running the LegShell through the slalom course, but it might have had something to do with the fact that a Great Lakes coal freighter has a tighter turning radius.

The 2km Criterium this year was the exact opposite of last year's slug-fest through the wind and weeds. With a clear course, no wind, and mild temps, the entire field was running on overdrive. Four boats including the two WaveBikes, Jake's OP-1 Spirit, and Eric Seeman on the WaveWalker beat the previous course record. Jim Glover and Belinda Jeromechuck broke the Hobbie Mirage tandem's rear HydroSail holding clamp while making their last-lap kick. They'd been barely maintaining a lead on the WaveWalker and intended to sprint past Jake on the last corner because the Mirage can turn more sharply, but with only one cylinder firing and Jim paddling by hand they couldn't make their move. George and David powered their SeaCycle in at just over 15 minutes which is within 20 seconds of the previous record, while George Tatum turned in an astonishing 11:39.88 to set the bar high for next year.

As an added bonus, I'd arranged for the local ABC News affiliate to come back later in the afternoon for the multi-boat events, and they put a wireless microphone on George to have him provide commentary live from the leader's boat. NASCAR's got nuthin' on us. Next year we'll have to try an on-board camera to catch the visual from the rider's perspective.

The Drag Races were run in two heats with Scott Winoker in the WaveWalker narrowly beating the SeaCycles and Mirage in the first round at 33.20 seconds. In the second round we saw Felix run 27.81 seconds in the LegShell, hot on the heels of the WaveBikes with Jim doing 26.03 and George winning at 22.86 seconds.

At the end of the day we ran the Static Thrust competition, and it yielded some interesting results. This was the only event WaveBike didn't win, as they gave way to George and David on the SeaCycle generating 721lbs of thrust. George also gave way to gravity as he pushed the scale to 601lbs, but fell off the boat on the side from which he'd removed the waterleg as part of his boat-weight reduction program. Frank was able to generate 46lbs from my LegShell with George's Bolly star prop on it, then when he donned his mask and fins he registered an amazing 401bs.

The crowd wasn't as large as we'd anticipated, but attendance was light at the Jazz Festival across the street also, probably due to the threat of rain. We did get a good cross-over and many people came by to check out the crazy boats in the usually empty Hoyt Lake. I haven't counted the demo-riders' waivers yet, but there were quite a few and things really picked up late in the afternoon when the sun shone through and the concert let out. It was great to hear the crowd cheering during the Criterium and Drag Races. In addition to the Buffalo affiliate's ABC News coverage, a local cable station had a camera crew on hand to tape a segment for their regular show called "Crossroads". There were some interviews done and I've asked Orrin to tape both airings so we can see how they turned out.

I'd like to extend my sincerest thanks to the City of Buffalo, Buffalo CVB, Doug Milliken, Orrin Christy, Chuck Giglia, and Joan Bozer for helping with the pre-arrangements, my family and the other volunteers, plus the participants, all of whom came together to put on another great day of HPB fun.



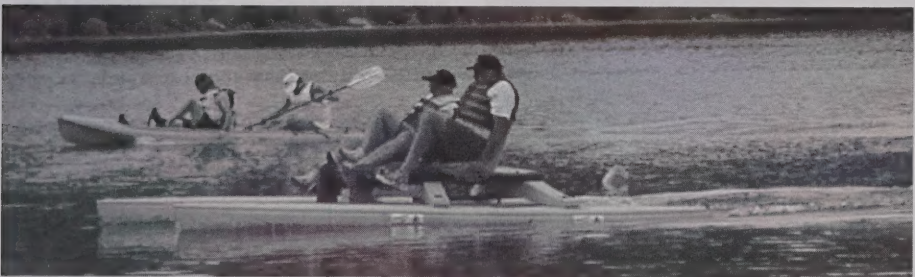
The field spreads out in the 2K Criterium race.



Heat one of the Drag Race has George Tatum ahead by a nose, Jim Hawkings in hot pursuit, and Felix Audet on Ron Drynan's LegShell following close behind.



Jim Hawkings noses out George Tatum in the second heat of the Drag Races.



Orrin Christy and Linda Lindsay on the SeaCycle racing against Jim Glover and Belinda Jeromechuck on the Hobie Mirage Tandem.

Jake Free lounging on his OP-1 Spirit while chatting with Frank Teuton.



Jim Glover and Belinda Jeromechuck on the Hobie Mirage Tandem.



Grant Brooks on the JetBlade canoe.



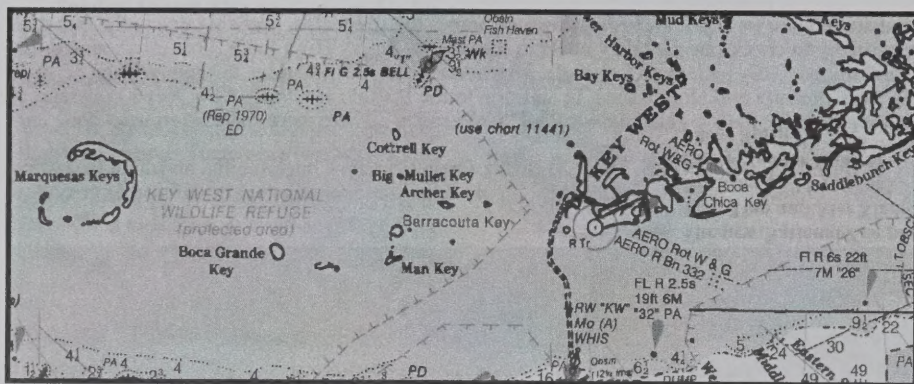
Jake Free running the 100m sprints on his OP-1 Spirit.



George Tatum ran Ron Drynan's LegShell through the 100m timing trap.

George Eicholzer and David Cruikshank brought this SeaCycle from Toronto.





On June 12th, Bud Tritschler, Paul Waggoner, Hugh Horton and myself, Ron Hoddinott, met at I-75 exit 21 and headed for Sugarloaf Key, just 17 miles from the end of the road in Key West. Our destination, The Marquesas islands, which lie some 17 miles west of Key West. The Marquesas are a caldera shaped group of islands possibly formed eons ago by the impact of a meteor. They are separated from a chain of islands west of Key West by a relatively deep channel known as the Boca Grande Channel. The tidal currents rush through this channel and kick up the seas, especially when the wind is strong and opposes the direction of the tide.

We checked into Sugarloaf Lodge at mile marker 17 to rest and be prepared for an early morning departure on the 13th. The rooms were adequate and reasonable for this part of the world. After settling in, Paul and Bud took

Assault On the Marquesas

By Ron Hoddinott

a dip in the pool. Then we all headed into Key West for a memorable feast at the Two Friends Restaurant down on Front Street, near Duval.

The next morning we made our departure. Bud was the first off, and then Paul in *Wag's Folly*. *Whisper* was launched, and we waited for Hugh Horton to pack and launch his 15' sailing canoe, *Black Puffin*. Yes it's the same one featured in the June issue of *Sailing* magazine. If you haven't picked up a copy, do so soon (page 62). Waiting for Hugh came to be a normal part of our routine on this trip. When you're trying to get everything in its

place and the load balanced correctly, and you can't do it while you're underway, then you want to have it right the first time.

Once we were all underway, we were greeted with 15-18 knot winds out of the east-southeast. We made great time going downwind. There were no intercoastal markers in this area, so we depended on our GPS units to keep us in relatively deeper water. Relatively is the operative word. Most of the trip between Sugarloaf and Key West was in less than 3' of water. As we neared Key West the wind increased and we picked up a favorable current. My GPS said I was going 7.8 knots, and I was moderately reefed. The speedy Sea Pearls had left the sailing canoe, with its shorter waterline length, a few islands behind.

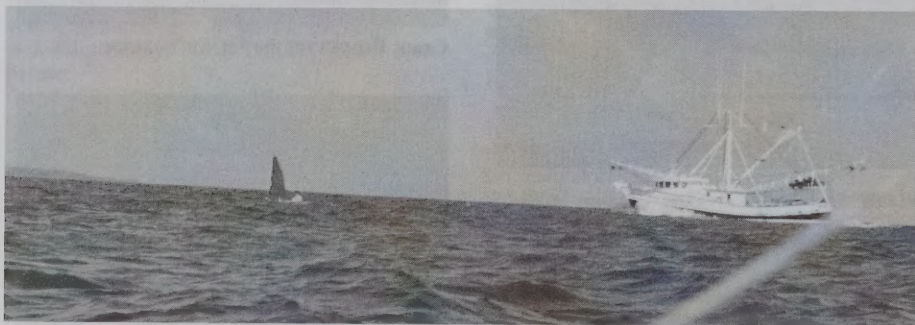
We pulled in behind a small mangrove island just north of Fleming Key to wait for Hugh to catch up before continuing. As we waited in the foot deep water, it gradually was reduced to 4", and we were stuck. Rather than drag the boats over this mucky marl-like bottom, we decided that we'd come far enough for the first day, and put down anchors for the night. Hugh got in about 3 hours later and was able to sail in and raft up.

The entertainment for the afternoon came in the form of two jerk skiers who decided that they would buzz the four sailboats at anchor. As they came farther and farther into our area, they soon realized that they couldn't get out. If they got off they sank into the white marly muck. One even had the nerve to ask Paul if he could give them a tow. "No," was the firm answer. You have never heard people complain or curse like these two when they realized that they'd have to wait a whole hour before the tide would free them. An hour must seem like lightyears to motor heads like them.

Next morning we were anxious to make up for lost time. The weather was settled, though still windy. The weather forecast became something of a broken record during the week were in the Keys, east to southeast winds 15 gusting to 18 knots, scattered afternoon and evening thunderstorms. Not too shabby if you want to make tracks to the west. We crossed the boisterous Northwest Channel, intercepting an incoming shrimper, and crossed into what is known as the Lakes Passage. This is a shallow body of water sprinkled with mangrove islands that spreads out like a huge tongue for 12 miles to the west of Key West.

The last, and largest of these islands is Boca Grande Island. We passed island after island under greatly reduced sail, still making 4.8 to 5.4 knots. Hugh had reduced his sail even further on the sail canoe, and continued to stop and readjust things, so that when we reached the beautiful beach on the west side of Boca Grande, he radioed that he was still back at Woman Key and that we shouldn't wait for him. He said he had everything he needed, and that he'd catch up later. We took a swim, talked it over, and decided to head out across the Boca Grande Channel while the weather was settled.

Although there were no thunderstorms, the wind was opposing the tidal currents, and it made the waves stand up straight and take notice. These waves made our Sea Pearls try to stand on their heads. Bud had more sail up than Paul or I, and took the lead. He also had water ballast in his boat. Thinking I was fine with all the supplies I had stowed down low, I declined to put in the water ballast. I could



Hugh Horton's black Puffin challenges a shrimper in NW channel.

Wag's Folly makes her westing.



see from how steady his boat took the waves that the ballast was helping him.

Whisper was being tossed around like a rag doll. Paul in *Wag's Folly*, a Sea Pearl Tri, wasn't faring much better. It was just a matter of keeping the bow headed toward the Marquesas, and hanging on. Only once did *Whisper* nearly broach. Later Paul said he could see most of the bottom of *Whisper* as she slid sideways over the wave. I radioed to Hugh, in *Black Puffin*, not to attempt the crossing. I really felt it was too rough for him.

We made it across in about 80 minutes, even with five reefs in the main and four in the mizzen. Bud then led us around the south side of the island chain, skirting the shoals, and to the west side where there were reports of some very nice beaches. We pulled into the beach and tossed out the anchors. We had arrived. After a congratulatory beer, we took a walk to the north where we met a friendly commercial fisherman whose boat was anchored in a cut between the islands. Dinner was special that night. I made a fish salads, and Paul served his famous turkey casserole surprise. We washed it all down with a delightful Chardonnay.

The next day, Thursday, we decided to sail around the islands and see what there was to discover about them. We were making an exploration of the eastern side of the inner harbor, when my VHF crackled, "*Whisper, Whisper, this is Black Puffin.*" I sprang to the radio, and keyed the mike. "Where are you, Hugh?"

"I'm right over here by Bud. We're having a little chat," came the reply. I couldn't believe my ears. Hugh Horton had sailed the little *Black Puffin* sailing canoe across the Boca Grande Channel. The wind was just as strong as it was the day before, but the tide was flowing with the wind, making the seas more regular and less steep. "Did you have any trouble crossing?" I asked. "No, nothing I couldn't handle," was his reply.

Relieved that we were all together again, we began our tour of the eastern, and northern sides of the island chain. The water was crystal clear, making the identification of the flora and fauna quite easy and interesting. Scores of shark were sighted, usually in pairs. Huge rays exploded from their shallow lairs at our approach. Sea fans, soft corals, and sponges in pinks, greens, and whites slipped under our hulls. Sea birds were roosting in their mangrove rookeries as we passed. Anhinga, cormorants, ibis, osprey, egrets, and herons all had their special places staked out. Some took off in great numbers at our silent intrusion, while others complained vocally and loudly at our presence, but did not leave their nests.

As we gradually gained the north shore we squared away on a wing-on-wing run and eased down along the north shore, skirting it by 30 yards or less. Now the beaches of the north islands came into view. Some actually had low sand dunes of 4'-5' behind them. The western coast had one perfect camping beach with a deep lagoon, and a sandy point. We were warned, by posted signs however, that there was no camping allowed in the Key West Marine Sanctuary.

We stopped for a rest and to gather the fleet on that perfect beach, before setting off to complete our circumnavigation of the island chain. The tide was dropping rapidly, and my attempts to follow a "blue lead" into the interior of the islands resulted in my bow be-



Sea Pearls reach Boca Grande.



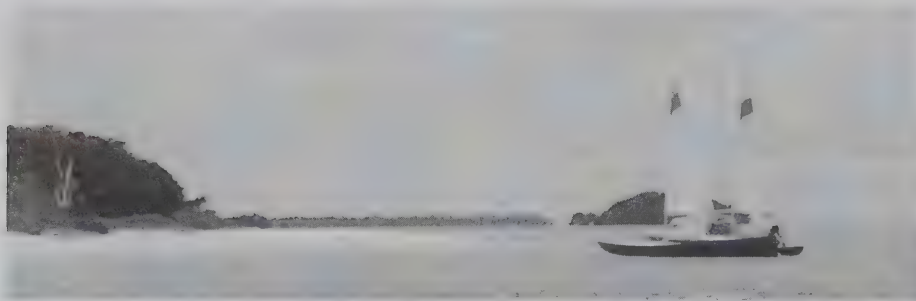
Paul Waggoner after passage to Marquesas.

Typical mangrove shoreline, east and south side of Marquesas.





Hugh soldiers on through the chop.



Paul finds the "perfect beach camp" on the NW corner of Marquesas.



Bud Tritschler's Nutshell underway.

Whisper drying out.



ing hard aground, while my stern stuck out over 20' of deep water. I backtracked out to the Gulf, and came around to where Paul had found a way in from the southeast. Bud had already anchored in the pass where he'd met Hugh in the morning. It was almost sundown when I finally dragged myself into the anchorage and tossed out the 11lb Bruce for the night.

Friday was our day to return to Key West, or as far as we could beat. Again we awoke to the constant 15-18 knots out of the E-SE. We'd agreed that an 8am start would give us a good two hours to get across the channel to the relative protection of the "Lakes Passage", so we were up early getting ready. Hugh was slow getting packed up and ready, so when the Sea Pearls had made it out of the anchorage, he wasn't ready to cast off yet. Beating against these rough seas might just be harder for his

tiny craft than running, so I waited for him to get his tent packed and ready.

Bud and Paul took off at what seemed like a great speed, even under several reefs in main and mizzen sails. Soon they were out of sight over the horizon. Meanwhile, I learned how to sail *Whisper* with just a reefed mizzen, tacking back and forth in front of the island where Hugh was camped. About 9:10, he finally was ready, and shoved off from the shore. It wasn't long after that he made what was probably a wise decision, and decided to put *Black Puffin* in tow, and came aboard *Whisper* for the return trip. By this time the tide had turned and the seas were beginning to kick up. *Whisper* put her green bow through a few green waves, thoroughly drenching the inside of the cabin. Water regularly came aboard, even though we were reefed with five turns in the main, and four in the mizzen.

Still, we were able to gain ground, and the Marquesas dropped off almost over the horizon behind us. We stayed on starboard tack for two hours before tacking for the Lakes. Port tack was somewhat calmer, as we were running with the tide, but we couldn't point very high in the strong wind and seas. We came into the Lakes between marker 12 and 14 about 12:30, two and a half hours after starting the beat. We were already tired, and had over twelve miles to go, directly up wind, to get to Key West. With the tide going out there was little water over the Lakes Passage, and we didn't know how far we'd be able to beat before running aground, so we decided to fire up the Tohatsu 3.5 to try to catch up with the other boats in the fleet.

We ran the engine for almost four hours, reaching Key West about 4:30pm. We hadn't heard from either of the other two boats, and couldn't reach them on the radio, even though we tried several times. We were low on fuel by this time, and decided to stop at the Garrison Bight City marina to fuel up before continuing. To make sure we had enough fuel, we dropped the masts as we approached the bridge that separates Fleming Key from Key West.

It was a risky maneuver in the choppy water of the bridge approach, with heavy boat traffic coming and going. As we approached the bridge we could see a literal waterfall of current rushing between the bridge supports. I didn't think that we'd make it, but we gradually crept forward until we were through. Mr. Tohatsu earned his keep that day.

After taking on a little over two gallons of fuel at the marina, we inquired about a restaurant, and were directed to a little rundown floating pub in a corner of the marina called "Harvey's Runaround Pub and Grub". It turned out to be a great stop.

Two cold beers, a grouper sandwich, and a cheeseburger in paradise later, we shoved off to find a place to anchor north of Key West. We motored north for a few more hours until we located a spot called Long Point that was out of the wind and seas. We anchored for the night and cleaned and reorganized the boat, which was pretty much of a disaster after the long thrash to windward. We still didn't know what had happened to Bud or Paul.

Saturday we awoke, and while having our morning coffee, I spotted a Sea Pearl beating toward us. Bud slowly came up and stopped to let us know that he was okay, but had had enough and was on his way to Sugarloaf Key. We were glad that he'd made it, although sorry to see him leave. Shortly after that I heard

Paul call on the radio. He was already at the cut through the mangroves that leads to Sugarloaf Key and the ramp. He also had to leave, due to work pressures. We told him that Bud was on the way, and he agreed to wait and tow *Nutshell* through the cut, as the tide was against them. Hugh and I decided that we might as well stay for another night at least, and after breakfast we headed for the Snipe Keys, which are the outer islands north of Sugarloaf Key.

Hugh was again sailing his own boat, and I reefed down to almost no mainsail on *Whisper*, so that I didn't get too far ahead. We had waypoints in our GPS units to lead up to the narrow channels that lead to the out islands. It was still necessary to read the water to find the best channels, however. Once we arrived at Snipe Point, we were delighted to find a narrow beach and some other boaters using the area. One was a large pontoon craft that had brought a group out from Key West for a day of snorkeling, and kayaking among the mangrove islands. We were now in what is known as the "Great White Heron National Wildlife Sanctuary", and again there were "No Camping" signs on the beaches.

I anchored near the party boat, and went snorkeling over a nearby reef, while Hugh amazed the locals by sailing *Black Puffin* right into the maze of channels through the mangrove islands. I got to know Skip, the owner of the party boat from Key West, when he brought his yellow lab, Cooper, over to admire *Whisper*. He was happy to give us some ice for our cooler before they raised their anchor for the return to Key West.

After they left I went looking for Hugh. He radioed his position, but I just couldn't find him. Finally I just got out and started pulling *Whisper* against the wind and current through the one foot deep water. The pure white hard packed sand beneath my feet gave me good grip, but I still couldn't find Hugh. "Where are you?" I called into the radio. "Just keep on coming around the corner," he replied. Finally I saw *Puffin* pulled up on a perfect camp site beach. Surely no one would mind if he set up his Moss tent for just one night of "staying". No one did.

As the tide went out, *Whisper* was left high and dry. The beach was over 300 yards on all sides. We raised our glasses to the sunset and hoped for a green flash. I told Hugh that the conditions were perfect, as I'd seen the flash three times before. Just as the upper limb of the sun set, there it was for just a second, a brilliant emerald the shape of a pill on its side just before the light winks out. "There it is! Did you see it!" Hugh was snapping pictures with his rented high tech camera, and I was afraid that he'd missed it.

"Yes! I saw it! I finally saw it!" he exclaimed. We toasted the occasion with a rum and lime juice cocktail. Life was sweet. We rested well that night. Sunday we returned to Sugarloaf Lodge, getting in about 1pm. Paul had reserved a room, so we took long showers, and returned to the Two Friends Restaurant for a last Key West dinner. Monday we began the long drive home.

Epilogue: Paul Waggoner had an alternator go out on the return trip on Saturday. He was stranded on the Seven Mile bridge leading to Marathon, but was towed off and was able to get a repair and get home the same night. A state trooper at the scene asked him, "You went out to the Marquesas in THAT?"



Hugh's perfect beach camp at Snipe Point.



Just a moment before the "green flash."

Packed up for home (Michigan for Hugh!).





Reefed sails off Chincoteague Inlet.



Nav station with chart, GPS, compass, fathometer.

Mr. Auto on the tiller.



Circumnavigation 2001

A Journal of a Circumnavigation of the Delmarva Peninsula

Part 5

By John Potts

Day 8, Monday, May 14, 2001
Chincoteague Inlet, Maryland, to Great
Machipongo Inlet, Virginia (via the
Atlantic Ocean)

I weigh anchor at 5:45 AM on Day 8 and follow the buoys close to the beach, wondering how well the inlet itself will be marked, for it is out of sight until I clear this sandy land. Yes, there is the inlet and it looks like a well-marked seaway out to the sea buoy, and wide, too. The chart and GPS are useless in leaving the inlet; reliance is totally on trusting the buoys and they do an admirable job.

By 6:25 I am at the sea buoy of Chincoteague Inlet. I hoist a reefed main and unfurl a 1/3-reefed genoa with the wind off my starboard quarter as I sail on a southerly course two miles offshore. My speed is between 4.2 to 4.8 knots until 10:30 when, you guessed it, no wind! So on goes the trusty Yanmar diesel.

This ocean leg of the trip has three possible destinations to find an anchorage. The first is to enter Wachapreague Inlet 24.4 miles away. The second option is continue on to Quinby Inlet 32.5 miles away. The third and final option is to enter Great Machipongo Inlet 41.5 miles from my starting point this morning. I figure I must depart from Great Machipongo Inlet to round Cape Charles and re-enter the Chesapeake Bay in the same day, as that will be a 35-mile voyage. So if I spend tonight in either Wachapreague or Quinby Inlets, I will still have to stop over tomorrow night in Great Machipongo Inlet. My speed is proceeding nicely, even though I am traveling on the engine, so I opt to try for the southern most inlet, passing by the closer two.

I am experiencing some 5' to 6' swells from the northeast but confused with some cross swells making for a confused ride. I see only a few boats all morning and no other sailboats. At noon I see two dolphins nearby. My speed is about 5.9 knots. By 12:30 the wind shows up from the northeast at 6 knots, no relation at all to the forecast. At 1:07 I do spot a sailboat northbound a few miles further out than my track.

At 1:30 PM I arrive off the Great Machipongo Inlet GPS waypoint but see no buoys to mark the charted deep-water channel on the east/west line through the inlet. I did pass a north channel, which had buoys, a few miles back. Those buoys are charted close in next to the north shore of the inlet. Knowing the shifty characteristic of these sandy inlets, I am reluctant to follow my GPS course directly through the inlet, and I am reluctant to trust the charted depth to navigate to the buoys marking an alleged north channel.

There is a Coast Guard station at Parramore Beach north of here, so I call

Parramore Beach Coast Guard on VHF channel 16 but get no response. I retrieve the list of telephone numbers for Coast Guard units I had printed from the Internet, get out the cell phone, and dial Parramore Beach Coast Guard's number. A Petty Officer Biggs (or Diggs?) answers the phone in a very pleasant and professional manner.

I tell him I am a retired Coast Guard Lieutenant Commander on my sailboat off Great Machipongo Inlet, but that I saw no buoys. I ask if it is safe to enter from the east/west line. He explained that it was definitely not safe, that it was all shoaled up, and that the only channel now was the north channel. He compares charts with mine and reviews each buoy in the north channel; most helpful and he really knew the area. WELL DONE, Coast Guard!

I am not happy that I have to back track two or three miles to the north to transit the channel, but I do. I finally reach the anchorage just to the south side of the inlet behind the beach in 14' of water. It is only protected from the east, as to the west is a large shallow expanse of marshy water. Weather is not supposed to be a problem, but what do the forecasters know, really!

We anchor at 2:43 PM. I made about 45 miles today, a record for *Sandee Lee* and me. The trip took only nine hours, mostly thanks to favorable seas and currents. Four very good hours were spent under sail and five with the engine. Thus far we have traveled 255 miles, which is over halfway in eight days! Only 227 miles or so to go! Our average speed, according to the GPS, has been 4.2 knots. At 4:30 I have my solar water bag shower before the temperature starts to drop. I am able to shower completely nude here as there isn't any other boat or human anywhere in sight. This is an isolated area. The shower got real warm from the sun today and feels good.

I sit up on the bow and just "smell the roses," a rarity for me. I no longer have any anxiety about the rest of this voyage. I have made two major (for me and *Sandee Lee*) outside passages in the ocean and transited three of the ocean inlets safely. Tomorrow I will be back in the Chesapeake Bay. I see and hear the sea gulls on the beach. The sun is bright but it may get quiet cool tonight. That is one big difference from my normal overnight trips in past summers, it has always been very, very warm and humid. On this voyage, since my frozen water bottles melted the third day, I have had no ice and have not missed it. I have drunk bottled water uncooled and, the past two evenings, have drunk canned Coke which was barely cool. I have not missed my nightly ice cream fix nor TV, the two things *Sandee* says I am addicted to. I have no trouble giving them up when "messing about in a boat."

As I sit on the stern writing this, I am looking out the inlet mouth a short distance away into the Atlantic Ocean. Even though the surprise way I entered was not in my GPS, the GPS records the track actually traveled on the small screen and it remains there to retrace, if necessary, the next day. I plan to simply retrace my track back into the ocean in the morning. I have not run aground this whole trip and I don't intend to, either. The GPS is accurate to within 13'! A truly amazing instrument! This evening I harbor no thoughts of selling the *Sandee Lee* and giving up sailing. Rather, I dream of what voyage I will undertake next May. Maybe I will just reverse my circum-

navigation of Delmarva and travel counterclockwise! Or, whatever. Oh how brave and fearless I am!

I can hear the ocean waves crashing onto the beach in the distance, and I can actually see them on the north beach inlet entrance.

This morning, I listened to the portable recreational radio while I ate my pop tarts at 5:15 AM. I was searching for news reports, but found none. I did get a London AM radio station which skipped over here. I have no idea what is happening in the news for the past eight days, not a word. I even brought a pound of cashews (another passion of mine) but have only eaten a few of them. This is a different world. I had not thought once about my clay artwork until two nights ago when *Sandee* told me that I had sold \$60 worth of art at the co-op, but none of that seems important here. However, I have thought about family, a lot, but many of the lesser things of life, clay art, TV, news, ice cream, cashews, long hot showers, special foods, are not a part of this world.

When I served aboard my Coast Guard ships, I used to love to unplug the phone and get underway, no mail, just the sea and challenge of the mission at hand, working buoys, navigating, rescues, oceanographic research, focused, no distractions from shore. I loved it. Every shore duty I got, I always pulled strings to get back to sea as soon as possible.

This has been the best anchorage so far in the voyage. I have not seen nor heard any other boats or people. This is great. The roses smell so very, very good. I feel calm and peaceful, just now, this kind of moment doesn't happen very often for me. When it does, it usually means an overnight sailboat trip. A very fitting halfway point treat for me. I haven't moored to a dock nor walked on dry land since Day 3 at Chesapeake City in the C&D Canal. This, to me, is boating! I am glad I came.

It is 6:30 PM. I call my granddaughter Lanie and sing happy birthday to her while she is in the shower (any call from a boat at sea must go right through)! She laughs gleefully as I sing and tell her that I just took a shower in my birthday suit, too, but outside under the sun!

The wind shifts from the southeast to the north, it is no longer pleasant to sit outside, too cool and windy. The boat begins to rock and it is making sleep a little uncomfortable. I should have anchored in a better location, but how did I know the wind was going to shift, it certainly was not forecast, par for the course.

Day 9, Tuesday, May 15, 2001 Great Machipongo Inlet to Kiptopeke Beach via Cape Charles

It is 4:30 AM as I turn on the marine weather forecast from my bunk. The computer generated voice assures me that the wind will be from the northwest at 10 to 15 knots today, right. Still a sucker for the weather forecast, I get up and by 5:40 we are underway heading out the north and only channel in and out of Great Machipongo Inlet. We, my *Sandee Lee* and I, head into a beautiful sunrise. I see a dolphin surface just ahead. My speed on the engine is 6 knots with an air temp of 60 degrees and the wind from the northwest at 10 knots, as forecast, so far.

By 6:30 I am clear of the shoal and hoist all sails, all two of them, and secure the engine. At 7:00 AM the GPS indicates my speed is 5.3 knots, looking good with the wind off my starboard quarter. At 7:50 I see two fast yachts heading north. At 8:00 AM my speed drops to 2.6 knots for a while, but increases to 4.5 knots by 8:18.

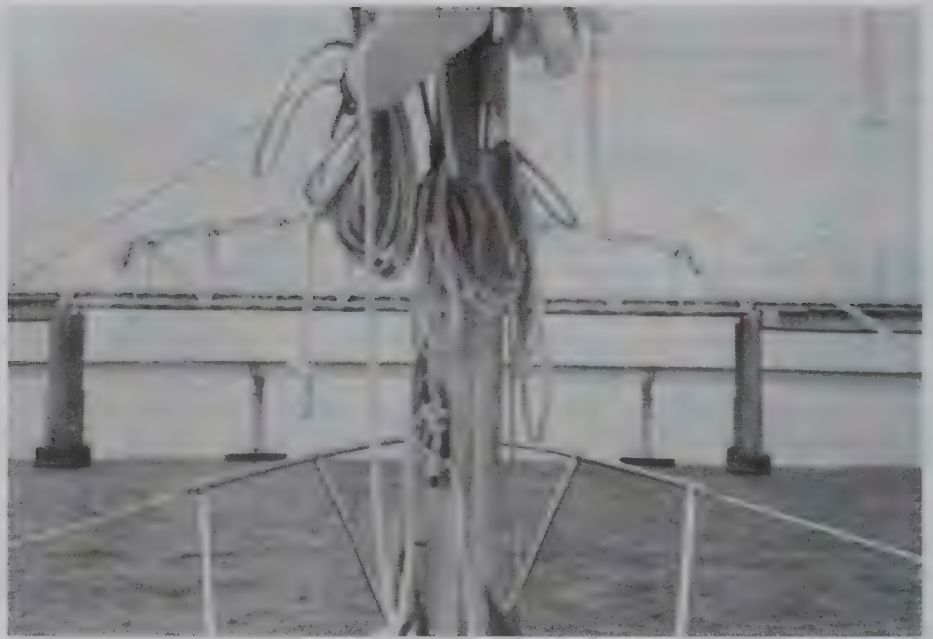
At 8:30 I can make out Cape Charles Light House way off my starboard bow. At 10:15 I start turning more southeast to round Cape Charles and head up into the Chesapeake Bay. This gives me a following wind because the wind has shifted abruptly from the northwest to the east with no warning. These winds are so inconsistent! My course is 246 magnetic and I am running wing and wing with the boom to port and the genoa to starboard. It is awkward and cumbersome. The genoa slacks and then flaps taut, the boom snaps back and forth and a gibe can easily happen any second the instant I let my attention span wander from steering a strict course to keep the wind from directly astern, my least favorite course.

Heading into sunrise leaving Great Machipongo Inlet.





Heading south in coastal Atlantic Ocean.



Chesapeake Bay Bridge/Tunnel.



Dolphins (or porpoise)?

Kiptopeke Beach concrete ships breakwater, Virginia.



I am tired of steering for the past four hours, so I engage the auto tiller. At 10:50 there is a slight change in wind direction and the auto tiller allows a gibe to occur. I look up and see that the topping lift has come unhooked from the end of the boom and is swinging free from the top of the mast. This happened as the boom hit the backstay as it slammed to the opposite side. If it pulls up the mast to the top I cannot retrieve it, I am not equipped to go up the mast. I swing into action like a madman! I secure the sails the best I can on a moving and rolling boat out of control with the seas on the beam. I get up on the cabin top and I don't know how, but I finally reach the end of the topping lift line and manage to hook it back into the swinging boom with no damage done to the boat or myself. I resume course, wing and wing, with the fickle wind astern, hand steering myself.

And what happens at 11:00 AM, after 5.5 hours of reasonably good sailing? Yep, you guessed it, the wind dies, nothing, zero. On goes the engine.

At 11:13, I identify the span of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel I am charted to go under way in the distance on the horizon. My speed is 5.6 knots as I have the good fortune of arriving at the Bay entrance at flood tide.

At 12:30 PM, just as I make a course change to center up on the bridge span, the wind goes from zero to about 15 knots from the north, exactly the direction I need to travel. I never took down the main sail when I went on the engine earlier, so I give it a try attempting to tack into the wind. I see a whole lot of dolphins, or are they porpoise, I do not know how to tell the difference. They are about 60' away. I unfurl the genoa to try to work my way toward them. They surface again about 30' or 40' away. There were too many to count. I take down all sail and proceed back north toward the bridge on engine alone. I can only make around 4 knots against the wind.

I have two options planned for this leg of the voyage. I can proceed to the town of Cape Charles, moor there, and refuel if needed. The second option is to stop a little earlier at Kiptopeke Beach State Park and anchor behind the interesting breakwater consisting of

nine or ten grounded WW II concrete ships. Since I do not need any fuel, I opt to anchor behind the breakwater at the State Park. It is now 2:15 and I have arrived. I drop anchor behind this impressive breakwater on Virginia's eastern shore side of the Bay.

Today's trip was 35 miles in 9 hours with 5.5 hours under sail and 3.5 hours on the engine for the last part of the trip. The GPS odometer shows, so far, 393 nautical miles traveled in 68:30 hours with an average speed of 4.3 knots. I am tired, more tired than at any other time on the voyage so far. Perhaps I have been running on adrenaline to get back into the Chesapeake Bay. No days have been used for rest since Day 3 back on the C&D Canal, however, even that day saw a few hours of travel early in the morning.

This is a calm anchorage with the concrete ships on the west and the State Park beach and a large concrete fishing pier on the east. The breakwater blocks the exposure in all directions except for a narrow opening toward the north. There are a few recreational fishermen about, it is too early in the season and still in the 60's to bring out more people to the park.

Sandee's note for the day says, "I'll be keeping a journal of thoughts for you for when you return. I'm hoping this time apart will bring us even closer together." Yeh!

It is now 7:00 PM. The boat is rocking

wildly in 2' chops due to 20 knots of wind from the northwest! What is being forecast? Ten to 15 knots! Unbelievable! If this keeps up, there won't be much sleep tonight. The pelicans are having a great time diving for fish all around the boat. Please, wind and sea, stop for the night! I have not rolled this much the whole trip. Last night's rocking was tame by comparison. I admit it! In addition to verbally praising the wind this trip, I have also cursed the wind! Even this very day, in fact! It can be so damned unfriendly and downright mean! This is a terrible anchorage, in retrospect, I should have proceeded to the safety of the harbor of Cape Charles.

Two other sailboats arrive, the large expensive one settles on an anchorage between the end of the pier and the beach protected from the wind. The smaller boat moors alongside of the larger. They do not appear to be rolling much at all. Again in retrospect, I could have moored over there if the wind had been blowing like this when I arrived. Two outboards are anchored next to the breakwater and appear to be waiting for the wind to subside.

What a horrible ride tonight. I call Sandee on the cell phone to moan to her. She can hear the banging and groaning of the rigging as we roll about. Not much sleep tonight.

(To Be Continued)

Kiptopeke Beach concrete ships breakwater, Virginia.



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Most everybody, at least in Maine, has seen the New Brunswick TV ad which shows this mile-long winding boardwalk through the dunes right along the water's edge, a very unique and at the same time environmentally friendly structure. Every so often there were steps down to the beach, or pagodas with bathrooms and change-up rooms for swimmers. But I was glad to see the light at the end of the tunnel, the dune that is. I was getting tired, and had to make an extra huge detour around the shoaling tip. Then it began to rain, and I knew the harbor across the bay, Sainte-Thomas-de-Kent, was it for the day.

I had just enough energy to lug my gear up the ramp and pitch my tent right there on a tiny spot of grass, and start my cookstove in my tent for coffee and later real food. My food rotation, by the way, went like this: beef, beans, chicken, chili, spag (canned beef stew, baked beans, chicken stew, chili with beans, canned spaghetti with meatballs, always topped off with a delicious canned fruit dessert, no complaints here, and oh so easy and fast to whip up when I was tired).

This overnight was serviceable at best, easy out and easy in on the ramp. Next day turned out to be an even longer day on the water, in an almost straight line to the southeast with a strong SW wind, which made crossing Cocagne Harbor and getting into Shediac hard work. I had decided to follow that needle-sharp Grande-Digue Point and go to the west of Shediac Island because of the ex-

Paddling New Brunswick's Gulf of St. Lawrence Shore

330 miles (530km) Solo
By Sea-Canoe August 2001

Part 2

By Reinhard Zollitsch

tensive shallows on the other side. It was rough and often wet going. But once in Shediac Harbor, topping off my water containers, phoning home and stretching my legs for a bit, I was eager to put a few more miles under my keel so that I could make Murray Beach the next day.

Cap Bimet sounded good, but it was all built up, and the dock belonged to a big factory. So I went on, finding myself further and further off shore because of the shoaling water. The SW wind took the water even further out, and I swear I was much farther out than the chart suggested. At Robichaud, I was a good mile off shore, but found a tiny deeper stream leading up to a man-made harbor, which looked like a huge wooden box out of water, surrounded by extensive deep oozing mud.

I distinctly disliked this scene and decided to follow the stick markers further up the little Aboujagane River. I madly paddled, poled and slithered against the strong ebbing current towards the first bridge, when suddenly on my right a beautiful white duny sandspit invited me to stay. Deep water and a steep bank to a level spot on the beach, perfect, I'll take it. 8:15 hours for 28 miles, plus 45 minutes for lunch and my service stop in Shediac, a very long day, in very shallow, windy conditions.

The next day was going to be better, shorter and easier, I promised myself, and it was: only 22 miles to Murray Beach in an easy 5.5 hours, without major stress or excitement, just hopping across Shemogue and Shebogue Harbor to the western end of Murray Beach Provincial Park. This is a very familiar place for me, since my family has stopped here many times on our way to Cavendish, Prince Edward Island, mostly in the old ferry days, pre-bridge that is. It was just far enough to drive in one day from Orono, Maine and a perfect spot to get mentally ready for the island experience. Now it is a great spot from which to view the new (1997) 9-mile-long bridge.

Life was easy that afternoon, and I was already planning going under the bridge, around the last point (Cape Tormentine) and into Baie Verte, "Green Bay", towards Port Elgin. Swimming was great before the tide went out, which left plenty of time for rinsing the salt out of my paddle pants and shirt, and reading Chris Duff's *On Celtic Tides*, describing his solo circumnavigation of Ireland in 1996.

Surf greeted me the next morning with the incoming tide, what a surprise. Every day so far it had been ebbing from morning to supertime, but now it was coming in, slowly over the last sand bank towards my shore. It made it somewhat easier for me, but I still had to punch my way through the surf, or better find a hole in the surf and speed out before the next wave train would break there. A north wind was sweeping lots of breaking waves across Northumberland Strait towards me, while the tide was running basically east to west.

So occasionally the waves created by one force would jump on the back of the waves created by the other force, creating a wave of almost double the dimension, i.e. it would certainly break with a mighty rush or roar under my stern. I would want to keep a close eye on the waves at all times and outstrip the breaking part so I would not get slapped or whumped in the chest, not a pretty picture.

But a rising tide made it easier for me to negotiate the major flats all the way to Jouriman Island and the bridge and even beyond it. I had to try to get some pictures of the bridge while bounding off Gunning Point, but with paddle in hand, ready for a quick brace. I was amazed again about this tremendous feat of engineering, so simple and graceful in design, very pleasing to the eye. The old ferry dock on Cape Tormentine, where many happy family memories started, was a sad juxtaposition to the strong proud new bridge. The dock looked abandoned, totally dismantled; only the breakwaters were reminders of its former glory days when the mighty Abegweit, Holiday Island or Vacationland ferries docked or left every hour.

Cape Tormentine was also a turning point



Sunrise at Robichaud.

Prince Edward Island bridge, Cape Tormentine.



on my trip. I would be going in a westerly, not easterly direction, for 20 miles to be exact. Upper Cape happened to be 25 miles away from Murray Beach, and Ephraim Island at its tip was just the ticket for me. The wild and woolly crescent causeway to the island offered just enough space for my little tent, so I accepted its hospitality, despite the extensive mudflats all around. With the incoming tide, like this morning, leaving tomorrow should not be a problem, right? Just to be sure, I checked the tides; it was finally coming in at 8:00pm. Would that be high at 2:00am and ebbing already for 5 hours at 7:00am, my departure time? I hoped not, but since this was going to be my last day to Port Elgin, and I did not have any other options, I did not really worry much. It's only 10 miles, I could portage that (like fun)

My fears were unfortunately confirmed. When I first stuck my head out of my tent around 6:00am, the tide was already too far out for me to float or even drag the boat to open water. I was stuck on shore for an entire tide cycle, which meant I would not be able to get off from here till afternoon or later. Well, since that could not be changed, I enjoyed my leisurely breakfast of granola mix and powdered milk and did some prepacking, when suddenly at 8:30am, at its half point, the tide turned and came in again. as if it did that just to pick me up. I am not hallucinating, this was no miracle, no incantation on my part, but just a fact of the truly "weird" diurnal tide pattern in these waters.

On second thought, however, the tide in Green Bay must have changed back to a mainly semi-diurnal pattern. It had ebbed for six hours, from 2:00am to about 8:30am, but only to its half point, and was now coming in again. "Weirdorama", my kids would say, but whatever the tide was doing, it was time to pack up as fast as possible, in case this tide changed its mind again.

I jumped into my boat when the tide had swept over the muddy part of the tidal flats, to the outer edge of the shore rise. I smiled and often shook my head in disbelief all the way to Port Elgin, where I took out at the first bridge across the Gaspereau River at high noon at almost high tide. Port Elgin greeted me with a huge sign on the bridge, but also with a torrential rainstorm. 330 miles in 13 and a half days, very respectable for a fellow approaching retirement age, I thought to myself, standing all alone in my rain suit munching my PB&J sandwich, carrot and applesauce in the pouring rain.

It was a cold and lonely moment, a let-down after a successful trip. So I cranked right up again, activating Plan B. I had read that way back in time the ocean used to flow from Fundy to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, more or less where the state/province line and route #2 now run, i.e. roughly from Sackville to Port Elgin. So why not go on, I thought, get a car shuttle to the route #2 bridge over the Tanbramar River near Sackville, from where I could paddle down the river into Cumberland Basin and into the Bay of Fundy and end up in St. John, where I had started out from last year on my way back to Maine. That would kind of close the entire loop from Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, the Gaspé and this year's trip; connecting with last year's trip and that of previous years, which together would bring me all the way to Boston. The pick-up for Nancy would also be much easier

from St. John than Port Elgin, I thought dreamily, and left her a message saying that I had activated Plan B.

In minutes I managed to persuade a pick-up driver at a nearby house to car-shuttle me the 20 miles to the Tantramar River near Sackville, which empties into the Cumberland Basin and the Bay of Fundy. \$20 American helped make up his mind to help me out. And I was lucky again to hit high tide at the put-in, so I could flush down the Basin with the ebbing tide of 4 knots. Two hours after my arrival in Port Elgin I was already on Fundy waters. But with each minute down the basin, I also noticed the water running out, like in a bathtub, pushing me more and more into the middle of the bay, threatening to leave me stranded in a sea of mud and dirt.

After only 10 miles down the bay, not more than 2 hours after high tide, I became concerned about my shore landing and opted to hole up in Allen Creek, where one lobster boat was moored. I had barely unpacked my gear onto the floating dock, when the water went out for good, leaving everything in a reddish-brown oozing muck, reminding me of pottery slip (liquid clay) or slurry. A few hours later the mud from this side of the bay was practically joining the mud from the other side of the bay. Great for shore birds, I thought, but a paddler's nightmare.

The tide roared in like a night express train and was gone in the morning. It looked

dead low again at 9:00am. Not very promising for long-distance tripping. After 4 hours of flooding, the tide finally was kind enough to pick me up at my little one-boat harbor, and I paddled hard from 1:00pm to 4:30pm, when it was time to get ashore again. 10 miles over "suck-water" (shallows that suck down your boat) to stay out of the strong flood tide and against a headwind, all the way down the bay to Slacks Cove at Cape Maringouin.

The tide turned without the usual slack tide of about one hour. Even Reversing Falls in St. John is more or less calm for half an hour and allows you to pass through the narrow gut in a small boat, as I found out last year (see *MAIB*, April 1-May 1, 2000). The Fundy tides way up here blow in at 4-5 knots one moment and out at the same speed the next, forming noisy intimidating 5' high wave-trains around every point like Peeks Pt. and Ward Pt.

The shore towards the point of the Cape Maringouin peninsula also suddenly changed to rugged cliffs, and the wind was picking up and veered to the SW, running straight against the current. I had the distinct notion that I should not be out here much longer. But there was no way to get out or go back. I had to hang in there for at least two more miles of steep cliffs on my right and rip currents and wave-trains on my left and hope I would be able to somehow get out in Slacks Cove, the last cove before the very point, which I defi



Dune grass at Ephraim Island, Baie Verte.

Bridge across the Gaspereau River, Port Elgin.





Allen Creek, Cumberland Bay, one boat harbor.

View from Cape Maringouin/Slacks Harbor, fog and no water.



Info Sources:

Canadian Charts: 4486, 4906, 4912, 4911, 4905, 4406, 4130

Sailing Directions, Gulf of St. Lawrence, (Fisheries and Oceans, Canada)

Sailing Directions, Nova Scotia and Bay of Fundy (Fisheries and Oceans, Canada)

Canadian Tides and Current Tables, Gulf of St. Lawrence, (Fisheries and Oceans, Canada)

G. Dohler: Tides in Canadian Waters, (Fisheries and Oceans, Canada)

Boat and gear info: Verlen Kruger 17' 2" Kevlar Sea Wind (sea-canoe with rudder, deck and sprayskirt), 11oz carbon fiber bent-shaft Zaverall canoe paddle and deck-mounted wooden bent shaft Mitchell

VHF marine radio telephone

Iridium satellite phone

Airguide deck mounted compass and stop watch

Reading: Chris Duff: *On Celtic Tides*, St. Martin's Press, NY, 1999.

Distances given in statute miles

PS: My tidal observations in all instances were confirmed by the Sailing Directions and the Canadian Tide and Current Tables for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, both of which I purchased after the trip (out of curiosity). Fascinating reading, especially the tidal graphs for the Escuminac and Shediac area.

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nately did not want to see today.

I was truly thankful to reach Slacks Cove and find a rocky beach on which I could make a safe surf landing. I breathed a sigh of relief, as the boatload of Baptists from Swansea, Massachusetts must have done when they landed here in 1763, as I learned a bit later from a plaque on a stone memorial on a rise overlooking this beach.

I felt humbled by the mighty forces of the sea, as my reading companion Chris Duff did on his way around Ireland. But supper felt great, and the view from my tent near the stone memorial was stunning in an awesome, powerful, misty way. After dessert I even strained to see across Shepody Bay to Grindstone Island and Marys Point on the other shore leading to St. John, 3 or 6 miles respectively, but all I could see was the mouth of my little bay. The rest of the world was shrouded in fog, and the water had vanished completely. Was I going to head across there tomorrow? I did not want to think about that now and zipped myself into my tent and tried to get warm and fall asleep.

The weather report next morning did not sound very promising for the next couple of days, which a look out my tent door confirmed. Solid fog, I could barely make out the mouth of Slacks Cove, and wind, and the tide was again way out and would not come in until mid-afternoon. That was no time to get started, I thought, especially on an open water crossing, in the worst possible corner of Fundy Bay. You add the fog, the wind, the 5-mile long rips drawn on my chart near Grindstone Island, the shoals, the mud flats, and being solo. It just did not feel right. I also noticed that my strep throat and ear infection (diagnosed before the trip) were returning, and I definitely did not feel my best. I had the distinct notion my trip was grinding to a halt.

Since the next couple of days would not be much better, and since I did not want to crawl up Shepody Bay to Moncton and then down again on the other side of the bay, I decided to call it quits and consider these last 20 miles of my trip from Sackville to here an "exploratory" trip, a piece of hard-earned frosting on the already great and wonderful cake, my 330-mile trip down the New Brunswick Gulf of St. Lawrence coast from the Quebec to the Nova Scotia border.

It helps to have an understanding and supportive spouse in a situation like this. When I phoned Nancy on my new satellite phone, inquiring about the possibility of ending the trip here, and asking whether she could pick me up here, maybe tomorrow or whenever possible, her instant response was, "No... How about today?" What a sweetheart! I told her there was a dirt road leading right up to the monument and my tent, at the tip of Cape Maringouin. "You think you can find it?" (all this in one 3:53 minute phone call).

The dirt road turned out to be 10 miles long, but she was there before supper time, just as a bagpiper, properly attired in kilt, sporran (leather pouch) and Glengarry (hat) stopped by to strut his stuff from the monument bluff, his wistful music blending beautifully with the harsh unforgiving landscape around us. He turned out to be a retired college professor from Mount Allison University in Sackville who then told us where we could eat out and spend the night in town before the long drive home the next day. So, all's well that ends well.

The sea lay low in the offing, and as far as the eye could reach, immense whitecaps rode upon it as quietly as pond-lilies on the bosom of a lake. Fleecy clouds dotted the sky, and far off toward the horizon a full-rigged four masted catboat lugged and luffed in the calm evening breezes. Her sails were piped to larboard, starboard, and port; and as she rolled steadily along in the heavy wash and undertow, her companionlight, already kindled, shed a delicate ray across the bay to where the dull red disk of the sun was dipping its colors.

Her cordage lay astern, in the neat coils that seamen know so well how to make. The anchor had been weighed this half-hour, and the figures put down in the log; for Captain Bliffton was not a man to put off doing anything that lay in the day's watch.

Away to eastward, two tiny black clouds stole along as if they were diffident strangers in the sky, and were anxious to be gone. Now and again came the report of some sunset gun from the forts that lined the coast, and sea-robins flew with harsh cries athwart the sloop of fishing boats that were beating to windward with gaffed topsails.

"Davy Jones, I'll have a busy day tomorrow," growled Tom Bowline, the first boatswain's mate.

"Meaning them clouds is windy?" answered the steward, with a glance to leeward.

"The same," answered the other, shaking out a reef, and preparing to batten the tarpaulins. "What dinged fools them fellers on the sloop of fishin' ships is! They've got their studdin' sails gaffed and the mizzentops aft of the gangway; an' if I know a marlinspike from a martingale, we're goin' to have as pretty a

In the '70s many of us read Mr. Mates's book and dreamed of finishing off a Westsail 32 hull or a Sam Morse Bristol Channel cutter and cruising the world. And now, back to reality!

Pamela stopped by the boatshop yesterday afternoon. After a quick look-see, she told me, "Better get this boat together again, Bubba! It'll be sailing time soon!" Hard to imagine, with temperatures of 8 degrees yesterday! But it's 40 today and we're optimistic.

My Dovekie is 21 years old, sound hull, but needing cosmetics and maintenance. After hauling out in the fall, I first scrubbed the exterior. Everything was removed from the interior and the sail and spars removed. After mulling things over, I decided to repaint the topsides. This would allow necessary work without worrying about the gelcoat. I removed the gallows, all of the screw fittings and many of the riveted fittings. Out came the sander and epoxy. First, all of the holes from old fittings no longer used were filled, all 18 of them. These had been taped over or filled with putty by the previous owner. Large cracks were repaired. Gelcoat defects were filled.

I was concerned about the deck cleats on the stem and for the forestay. I felt it was important to reinforce the deck in these areas, so I fabricated pads out of marine ply, with tapered edges, and bonded them on both sides of the hull before installing new stainless cleats.

This will significantly strengthen them, and could be done without extensive work to the hull. I made similar pads for the gallows. Again, this will prevent crushing of the airex-core sandwich. These were all painted

The Four-Masted Catboat An Etching Of The Sea By a Landlubber

(Found by Craig O'Donnell in *The Century*, Vol 50., ca 1880. Truly a salty tale)

By Charles Battell Loomis.

blow as ever came out of the south."

And, indeed, it did look to be flying in the face of Providence, for the mackerel ships, to the last one, were tugging and straining to catch the slightest zephyr, with their yard-arms close-hauled and their poop decks flush with the fo'c'sle.

The form of the captain of the catboat was now visible on the stairs leading to the upper deck. It needed but one keen glance in the direction of the black clouds, no longer strangers but now perfectly at home and getting ugly, to determine his course. "Unship the spinnaker boom, you dogs, and be quick about it! Luff, you idiot, luff!" The boatswain's first mate loved nothing better than to luff, and he luffed; and the good ship, true to her keel, bore away to northward, her back scuppers oozing at every joint.

"That was ez neat a bit of seamanship as I ever see," said Tom Bowline, taking a huge bite of oakum. "Shiver my timbers! If my rivets don't tremble with joy when I see good work." "Douse your gab, and man the taffrail!" yelled the captain; and Tom flew to obey him.

To a Bare Hull (With apologies to Ferenc Mate)

By Peter Neal

when I did the topsides, but would look quite good finished bright.

My mahogany leeboards were delaminating, and one piece was missing. These were repaired with epoxy after consulting with Nick Scheuer as well as the staff at Gougeon Brothers. The old darkened, finish was removed, and the boards finished bright. Likewise the end of the rudder was split, so a mahogany shoe was fashioned, and again the whole piece stripped and refinished bright (epoxy and varnish).

The spars, tiller, and oars were stripped and varnished. I wrapped a leather sleeve on the sprit where it crosses the mast; this is a common practice. I also wrapped leather on the sculling oar. On the rowing oars I did something different. I row a shell daily when the lake is free of ice, and like my Concept 2 oar locks and sleeves. I ordered plastic sleeves and secured them to the oar looms, this keeps them at the correct angle while rowing and is easier on the wrists. This approach has been used before.

In talking to Moby Nick about building crew seats, I learned he had hinged the captain's seat cover for storing; its easier. I thought about this and ended up making a helmsman's seat of ash which gives me more storage space that is accessible while

"Light the toplights!" A couple of sailors to whom the trick is a mere bagatelle run nimbly out on the stern sprit and execute his order; and none too soon, for darkness is closing in over the face of the waters, and the clouds come on apace.

A rumble of thunder, followed by a blinding flash, betokens that the squall is at hand. The captain springs down the poop, and in a hoarse voice yells out, "Lower the maintop; loosen the shrouds; luff a little, steady! Cut the mainbrace, and clear away the halyards. If we don't look alive, we'll look pretty durn dead in two shakes of a capstan bar. All hands abaft for a glass of grog."

The wild rush of sailors' feet, the creaking of ropes, the curses of those in the rear, together with the hoarse cries of the gulls and the booming of the thunder, made up a scene that beggars description. Every trough of the sea was followed by a crest as formidable, and the salt spray had an indescribable brackish taste like bilgewater and ginger-ale.

After the crew had finished their grog they had time to look to starboard of the port watch, and there they beheld what filled them with pity. The entire sloop of mackerel ships lay with their keels up. "I knowed they'd catch it if they gaffed their studdin' sails," said Tom, as he shifted the quid of oakum.

The full moon rose suddenly at the exact spot where the sun had set. The thunder made off, muttering. The catboat, close-rigged from handrail to taffrail, scudded under bare poles, with the churning motion peculiar to pinnaces, and the crew involuntarily broke into the chorus of that good old sea-song, "the wind blows fresh, and our scuppers are astern".

daysailing.

I used templates to make marine ply plates and epoxied these in place with appropriate corner braces. The centerboard trunk no longer wiggles, and I can put all my weight on the bow seat without it flexing around.

I had a specialty welder build up the leeboard cams slightly, and grind them to the correct profile. This should help control "leeboard slip." Loose leeboards have been a long-standing problem with Dovekies, and there are other solutions, such as putting a large washer between the board and the hull.

All interior fittings were made secure. The interior was then lightly sandblasted, the exterior finish-sanded, and a two-part paint (Awlgrip) sprayed on the interior and topsides. Application instructions are available at the U.S. Paint website. The hull was not painted, maybe next year. I did add a waterline to the rudder casing to match the hull.

Lines and bungee cord were replaced. All the fittings were rebbed in Dolfinite. I also built a new rowing thwart.

All in all, no major changes were made. Some of the work was strictly cosmetic. No significant weight was added. Maintenance, repair, and reinforcement where necessary. Yes, this was a lot of work, but it was spread out over the winter. I'm sure the boat will easily go another twenty-one years!

(The Shallow Water Sailors are a group of sailors devoted to shallow water sailing small craft. The faithful keep in touch year round through its newsletter, *The Shallow Water Sailor* founded by John Zohlen and edited today by Ken Murphy. Interested readers can contact Ken at 20931 Lochaven Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20882).



Let me confess that building a wooden boat was never our intent, but I thought I might be able to handle the tasks involved with a restoration of a small boat, and my wife, Gretchen, was ready to humor me. I really did think that I could replace a few split planks and broken ribs, and refinish the Rangeley boat that I found at the CWB in 3-4 months. It is also true that I am an incurable optimist.

When my wife and I came to the Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival on the 4th of July, 1999, I had the hidden purpose of wanting to buy the Blanchard Jr. Knockabout that was in excess inventory at the CWB, until I saw the Rangeley. The Rangeley was in sad shape, but when I saw her beautiful sheer, tucked transom, and proud stem, nothing else mattered. When I slipped up the tattered cover and read her name board, *Erin*, I had to have her.

For those who are unfamiliar with the Rangeley, it was a lake fishing boat originally built by fishing guides in the Rangeley Lakes area of Maine. Its high tuck transom and its distinctive sheer are very attractive, but were primarily designed to allow the low freeboard boats to handle in the steep chop that can develop suddenly on the lakes. John Gardner took the lines off a Rangeley and published them in an early 1970s edition of the *National Fisherman*. The lines and details of the boat were later published in *Building Classic Small Craft*, Volume 1, (Gardner, 1977) at pages 165-179.

To cut to the chase, I nagged Bob all day and he finally agreed to sell me the boat, warning me that the boat was pretty far gone. My other purchase that day was a used Stanley 9 1/2 plane. Little did I know at that time just how intimately I would become acquainted with both *Erin* and the plane. For the moment I just thought about how I would get the green patina off of the copper rivets so that I could varnish the interior.

We headed back for our home in Bend and, at a pit stop in Ellensburg, I discovered that *Erin's* keel was suspiciously hogged. The next day, after a closer look at the boat, I knew I was in for a bigger task than I had originally thought. The scarfs were blown in the keel and hog, or keelson, 11 of the 22 planks were split, the sheer clamp was broken on each side, and 1/3 of the 67 ribs were broken.

The restoration began with grinding the roves off the rivets holding the garboards to both the keel/hog and the adjoining plank, and

Erin A Restoration Journey

(Reprinted with permission from
Shavings, newsletter of the
Center for Wooden Boats)

By Jerry Kolb

driving out the rivets. Two major discoveries: First, there were over 130 rivets holding each of the 22 planks in the boat; and, second, the planks had been glued in with some extremely tenacious adhesive, that I later found out was the notorious 3M 5200. I did not fully appreciate the implication of the latter fact at the time, and proceeded to search for white oak for the keel and hog.

Bend, as one may imagine, is not a hot-bed of wooden boat activity, however they do build a lot of custom homes here and I quickly located good, straight-grained, white oak in the 18' length I needed. I had one piece surfaced to 3/4" thickness for the keel and another to 1/2" thickness for the hog, and proceeded to plane them to size, using the old pieces as patterns and my trusty block plane to remove the unnecessary wood.

A moment for philosophical digression. Building a boat, like carving sculpture, is largely a matter of starting with a lot of wood and removing the wood that doesn't belong in the boat. Both the keel and hog are made up of several continuously changing bevels that, themselves, are carved from curved pieces of wood. In short, the bevels continuously change in all three dimensions. I had had no wood-working training since 8th grade and would have considered such a task far beyond my skill level. Broken into smaller tasks, however, it was not so difficult. Yes, boat building is a metaphor for life.

By the time I had removed the second plank, I knew that we would need to replace at least 20 of the 22 planks, because it was impossible to separate the planks without splitting them, the 3M 5200. I still hoped to be able to save the sheer strake and the associated rub rail and sheer clamp. The frames, however, would all have to go. The Rangeley uses white oak frames that are only 3/8" x 5/8" in cross section, but which, except in the

ends, extend from gunwale to gunwale. *Erin's* had dried out so badly that they broke when any force was applied.

We had decided to plank *Erin* in Alaskan yellow cedar. In Maine the boats were planked with eastern white cedar and were typically painted inside. We wanted to finish the interior of *Erin's* hull bright and thought, anyway, that white cedar would cost too much to get from the east coast. Yellow cedar is expensive, stinks when wet, and splits easily, but it is beautiful with 8 coats of varnish! At any rate, we trekked to Edensaw Lumber in Port Townsend in the Fall of 1999, and came back with six beautiful 2"x4" or 2"x6" planks 16' to 18' in length, strapped to the top of our SUV.

The raw lumber had to be milled to 5/16" finished thickness, and I had a local mill do the task. By December we were planking! I say "we" because this is a lapstrake hull and each one of the almost 3,000 rivets requires two people to set and buck. I know, the books say that riveting can be done by one person but not by me. If it were not for the willing help of my wife, the project would have ended there.

In planking *Erin* we removed two planks ahead of the one we were replacing. This kept the shape of the hull intact even though we were sawing through frames and used no molds. In reality we built her as one would restore a boat, removing damaged planks, using them as patterns, and replacing old with new.

I was worried about scarfing, and built a jig to use with a router that I had borrowed. By the time I had done two planks I was using the jig and my block plane, finding I could do just as good a job in half the time.

Every project has a crisis, and we faced ours as we were about to install the fourth plank pair. For grinding off the roves of the old rivets I would hang the boat in slings from the ceiling of the garage, rotating it over in the slings and on to sawhorses to install the new plank. When I was rotating the boat to install the patterned and planed number 4 planks, the rope of one sling broke, dropping the boat almost 4' onto the keel where it met the transom. The transom cracked, and there was an almost continuous split in the second plank on the port side. I told my wife that our venture into boat building was over, that I would borrow a friend's chainsaw, and dispose of the boat as firewood.

There are also magic moments in boat building, and mine came just in time. I had sent a letter three months earlier to the last owner of *Erin*, seeking her history, and had had no response. The morning after the boat dropped, the last owner called and recounted her history. By the time we hung up, I knew I had to finish her.

The prior owner recounted how *Erin* was originally built from Gardner's plans in Ft. Bragg, California, in the mid-1970s by a man who was turning 50 and in need of a purpose for his life. Her maiden voyage was from Ft. Bragg to Sausalito (about 170 miles) through the Pacific and San Francisco Bay. The trip took 6 days and 5 nights, with the builder tying up in kelp beds at night.

The boat was actively rowed in San Francisco Bay by two owners until 1997, when she was taken out of the water because of the El Nino winter. She dried out, cracked, etc., and was donated in June of 1999 to the CWB. Back to construction! We reinforced the tran-

som, filled the crack with epoxy, brought the edges of the cracked plank into close proximity and filled it, and went on with the plank-ing. I had a momentary thought of painting the inside of the boat through several planks to hide the crack, but finally considered that the crack was a part of the boat's personality and it would remain visible under the varnish.

By the time we got to the sheerstrake, it became apparent that neither it, the outwale, nor the sheer clamp could be saved. The problem was that they would have to be removed in order to put in the new ribs, and they too had received the 3M 5200 treatment.

The ribs were sawn from white oak by a local mill and I had to buy about twice the footage I needed because of grain problems. It doesn't seem to matter whether the grain is vertical or horizontal, but it does have to be straight or the ribs will break. We steamed them into place with a homemade steamer made of a large teakettle, a length of radiator hose and a box made of scrap 1"x4" pine. We steamed 4-6 ribs at a time and found that we had about three minutes to get each one firmly in place. This phase was much easier than we thought it would be, but it was, again, a two-person task. All of the ribs were in place within two weeks, but completing the riveting process took several weeks longer. Each of the 67 ribs required 20 rivets (one at each plank lap), plus 1 or 2 screws into the hog.

The quarter knees and breast hook were the next pieces prepared for installation. Shortly after I started the boat, a friend of mine gave me a curly maple plank that he had been saving for 25 years for a guitar body. I sawed, planed and sanded all of the knees from this plank and they finished to my expectations.

Each of the outwales was scarfed together from two pieces of Honduran mahogany, and the companion sheer clamps were roughed together in the same manner. The outwales were planed to shape and a small groove routed in each as an accent. Before installing the outwales, arrowheads were carved at the stem end, with feathered tails carved at the stern. The decorations were then sealed and painted with gold paint.

The outwales were installed with bronze screws every three ribs, countersunk in the rib and clamping the rib and plank to the outwale. The inwales were then installed, with bronze screws countersunk through the remaining ribs. Following this installation the quarter knees and breast hook received a final fitting. At this point the hull was essentially finished and it was strong!

Finishing the inside of the boat began at this point, before installation of the thwarts and transom seat, so that we could get a buildup of several good coats of varnish before being obstructed by those items. We had not anticipated all of the work this would entail. The combination of lapstrakes and ribs created somewhere around little 1400 "boxes" that had to be varnished. It was at this point that we, again, needed to remind ourselves that this was a boat, not a piece of furniture, and to get on with the work, despite the occasional run.

Thwarts were edge-laminated from mahogany and yellow cedar. While this looks terrific, it was more motivated by the fact that I did not have access to a lot of power tools and had stock of certain dimensions on hand. We just got a little creative using 5/16" yellow cedar between wider pieces of mahogany. After installation of the thwarts, thwart knees, and

transom seat, more varnish was applied (we used a total of six quarts), until the interior of the boat was complete.

The boat was then rotated bottom up. We had decided to finish the sheer strake bright, the topsides white, and the bottom green. That meant that all of those rivet heads needed to be faired and sanded, another task that had not been foreseen. Three coats of primer, three coats of finish, and the boat was righted for the last time to finish the sheerstrakes and rub rails.

An excellent set (two pairs) of custom 8-1/2' oars came with *Erin* when we bought her. They had to be sanded and refinished which, if you haven't done it, is a challenge. Varnish likes to run on vertical surfaces!

We missed the Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival, our original target, but we finally launched *Erin* in Elk Lake two weeks before the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. *Erin* was so beautiful on the water that it surprised even me. We have a lot to learn about rowing, but it doesn't matter because everyone just looks at the boat.

At Port Townsend, *Erin* drew a lot of attention, and made us very proud. During the building process, we often questioned our sanity, but our efforts were entirely validated by

the appreciation of the crowd. *Erin* had a personality of her own, and we felt proud to be a part of her continuing history.

Did we build a boat, or did we restore a boat? It was actually probably harder to build the boat the way we did (we had to remove all of the old rivets as well as install new ones), but virtually all of the boat is new. There are only seven pieces of wood from the original boat (transom, transom knee, thwart support spindles (2), stem, false stem, and name board. On the other hand, our motivation was definitely restoration. The process of removing planks and patterning new ones brings the restorer into close contact with the original builder. As little as is left of the original *Erin*, and even though she is, herself, a reproduction of an earlier design, we like to think that we have helped to preserve her for the future.

(The Center for Wooden Boats is a maritime museum dedicated to the preservation of our small craft heritage through preserving and passing on the experience of heritage small craft. CWB is a "do touch" museum where people learn to paddle, row and sail heritage boats and build heritage replicas.

Some museums have dust on their artifacts. CWB has fingerprints. Dick Wagner, Founder).



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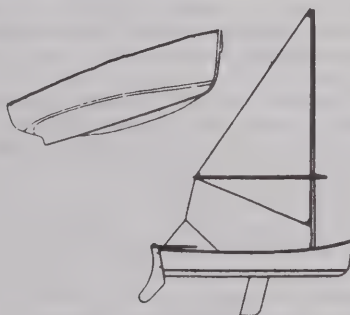
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Why Wood?

By Charles Humpstone

We know what *Spray* was made of, Slocum tells us. Books have been written about the building of dozens, then hundreds, of *Spray* look-alikes. She's spawned more princesses than Queen Victoria: Whole schools of offspring, bigger, smaller, in wood, fiberglass, aluminum, steel, even concrete.

Of what flesh will my darling be? Time was, that would have meant basswood or oak for ribs? Plank with fir or pine? And how applied: butted and caulked or laid on in overlapping lapstrakes like clapboards on a house? Concerning masts and spars; no debate: spruce, forest not pasture.

Not whether wood but what wood. Nowadays one chooses between wood and the others. If you can call it choosing.

Left untended, wood rots. Unsupported, it sags. Uncovered, it warps and cracks. Most woods have to be painted or varnished every year, and, before either, scraped and sanded. You have to armor them against shipworms' appetites with copper sheathing or a yearly coat of poisonous paint. All this takes skill and time. If the owner lacks either, all that can save his bright hull dancing under sail from becoming a broken hulk baring her ribs on a mud flat is a poultice of money, faithfully applied.

Wood has another failing. No matter how well built, caulked and painted, your wooden hull will swell and shrink, depending on the weather, opened seams will leak, and you will pump. Maybe not much, but some.

Comparing plastic's strengths to wood's failings, who could fault fiberglass? Isn't it trustworthy, loyal, and friendly; obedient and thrifty; immune from rot, mildew and teredo? Fiberglass hulls are laid on molds, simple to build, and need neither paint nor covering to protect them from weather; only, once in a while, a touch of rouge and lipstick. As for aluminum, what more could be asked of a spar than that it outlive its owner with never a lick of varnish?

These traits let boat owners store their vessels in a hundred thousand driveways, at risk only to the falling of tree limbs and bird droppings, and refloat them with no more preliminaries than the turning of ignition keys.

My democratic heart thrills that innovation lodges a boat in every yard. My aristocratic eye (and isn't every sailor's eye an aristocrat's?) weeps. The fast-receding 20th Century leaves a wake of bobbing plastic bubbles, that, however watertight, don't look or feel or sound or, close up, smell, like boats.

The fault's, no doubt; with me. I'm sentimental, nostalgic, inconsistent, a hypocrite. Don't I take Dacron sails, that won't mildew or rot, over their fragile cotton forebears, without a qualm? All right, speaking as a sentimental, nostalgic, inconsistent hypocrite, I say that if the purpose of sailing is sensuous and aesthetic pleasure, fiberglass and aluminum have no more place in my sailboat than my bed.

Take sound for a start. In the cabin of a wooden boat, you stand in a church's choir, surrounded by water's voices; you hear the rustle and slap of every arriving ripple. Under way, boat and water talk back and forth; beam seas clap and splash; head-on waves boom;

following seas gurgle and hiss, against the hull. The wooden mast, standing on its wooden step, creaks and moans, protests against its confining stays and wedges at every roll.

These sounds, struck, transmitted and magnified by wood, carry wood's music, its colors, timber's timbre. They're the ship's song, and the sea's.

Let your hull be fiberglass, and its sounding board picks up the sea's gurgle and splash as muffled thumps, the thuds of a drum with loosened snares. It's a funeral march; no, it's the field music for that somber ceremony when, stripes and crested buttons sliced away, a court-martialed malefactor, sullen and shamed, is marched off the field behind the backs of his former messmates. It's the echo of misery and disgrace.

That melancholy thudding is accompanied by the clang of halyards against the metal masts of any vessel designed by the calculus of free maintenance. These spars are hollow pipes; they, too, make music. Let a line slap one, let a fitting rattle against its fellow, and the spar rings a clang of protest. Pity the sleepy owner at his mooring, when, however dry in his berth under his seamless coach roof, however peacefully he rests cradled by the economies of a hull he needn't paint, under spars he needn't varnish, he's driven into wet boots and bitter night to stifle with bungee cord the maddening chopsticks "ping-ping-ping" of wind-plucked halyards playing on his high-tech mast.

Not just sounds; looks, too. The boat builder who pays most attention to the economies of the new materials, takes fullest advantage of their character, creates a vessel of extraordinarily utilitarian appearance, most nearly resembling, in its smoothly curving, waterproof, gleaming whiteness, a winged, sea-going, porcelain urinal.

This effect is achieved by laying up deck and cabin as a continuous whole in a single mold, the same way the hull is made, then bonding this impermeable lid to its waiting pot. The result is as watertight as a terrified clam.

The resulting seamless cabin lines may deflect the winds with less turbulence and offer sea no entry, but the boat builder pays a terrible price. His efficiencies produce a streamlined outline appropriate enough for a racing hydroplane but outlandish, if land has any place in this discussion, on a sailboat that will move less than a dozen miles an hour, flat out.

So what if those curves could add a fraction of a knot of speed? To be sure, I thrill when my boat edges past her sisters, but her speed, in absolute terms, is irrelevant. Sailing has more in common with dancing than with running. It's the manner of a sailboat's going.

If getting somewhere as soon as possible is your object, a sailboat doesn't answer. Airplanes do, and they may be as curved and aerodynamically efficient as they like. Streamlining on a sailboat points to velocity as an end in itself, when the true object in sailing, as in making music, is not to get from the beginning to the end before the others but to find as much beauty as you can along the way.

Back to my choice. The only demerit against wood's name is the carrying cost of upkeep and what earthly difference can that make to me? If she goes down part way across, so much the better; I save on yard bills and figuring out what to do with her the rest of my life.

The garboard strakes are the hardest part. Mark them out by eye on a good, straight grained, quarter sawn board (stump end forward), cut it out, plane the edge fair, run the thickness planer (or abrasive planer if it is a crossgrained board) on both sides and resaw it into the two garboards and plane or sand them to the finish thickness. That resawing of a quartersawn board business is the trick because it is important that the two planks are as identical as possible so that they will behave the same when you cup the hollow of the forefoot into them.

Fiberglass the insides (the parts of the board that were together in the middle before resawing) of the front ends of both planks (or all four ends in the case of a double-ended boat) for a little bit. Then cover the outside with that cheap plastic packing tape except for the end (or ends). You will then have two planks with the ends fiberglassed on the inside and the middle of the outsides covered with an impermeable vapor barrier.

With infrared light bulbs, heat the outside ends (untaped parts) until a good cup is established to form the hollow behind the stem. Take off the tape, sand and fiberglass the whole outside of the planks. When the epoxy is clean-cut, leather-hard, trim the edges and sew the two garboards together with copper wire at the ends and along the seam that will become the keel (there is no keel rabbet, indeed no keel yet, the garboards meet in the middle) for a little way back from the ends (those parts that will touch the strongback at too acute an angle to hold with screws driven down through the garboards into the strongback).

Then, screw and tape the two planks to the strongback (or rockerboard if the boat has a transom and rocker to the bottom aft, no small boat should have rocker to the keel if it isn't a transom style displacement boat) in the shape that you want. It might be necessary to use prop-sticks from the ceiling or cross spalls pulled down by little popsicle stick Spanish windlasses to spraddle the planks just like you want them, but most of it can be done by pulling the outside edges down with tape to the strongback. Watch the rocker of the bottom of the boat and be prepared to snatch the whole mess off and re-cut the middle seam if it doesn't seem to want to do right.

Try to hurry so that the outside fiberglass doesn't get too hard before things get right. If it does, a heat gun will soften up a little place so you can work it a little but be careful not to blister the fiberglass or scorch the epoxy. Watch for kinks in the edges of the planks. If you have to, screw little battens onto the bottom to keep the edges fair. After you get it taped and screwed and propped to suit you, rejoice and go fishing for the little bit of daylight you have left.

Next morning is the time to tie the center seam with a strip of fiberglass. First super-glue a few little spots down the center seam to hold the two planks together while you remove the screws that were holding the center of the boat to the strongback. Don't let the seam come open too much. You won't be able to get all the way to the bow yet because of the wires sewing the planks together. When you get enough cleared out, put a strip of fiberglass down the middle, paint it with epoxy and set up a heat lamp.

Work on carving the transom or build a few birdhouses, write a little drivel or carve a paddle while that strip gets hard, then super

How To Build a Boat Like We Do It (At this time anyway...)

By Robb White

glue a few little places between the tie-wires up by the bow, gingerly remove wires and fiberglass that "V" too. Stop short of the very end of the planks. Make sure you prepare the fiberglass sheathing on the inside of the planks before you glue new fiberglass onto the old. Don't remove the wires or try to super glue or tape the ends of the planks where the stems will go. Don't fool around and glue the transom to the garboards either, it ain't time yet.

Cut out a temporary stem or stems, mark the centerline on the outer edge, roughly (but symmetrically) over-bevel, cover with tape and screw them into the forefoot of the two planks. Don't make a fetish of fitting but try to get the profile right. This stem (or stem and stempost) are truly temporary. There is no way that the right bevel can be established when a boat is built by eye and the planks are forced every which-a-way all the time and nothing is final until it is finished. The stem is just some place to drive screws to hold the planks together in the end of the boat while the shaping process is going on.

Set up plumb lines fore and aft hanging down to the keel seam inside the boat and eyeball the stem vertical while you fasten it with a tripod to the overhead. There is nothing so pitiful as an otherwise beautiful boat with one end leaning one way and the other the other. Try not to use but one screw to actually attach the stem to the tripod so that it will be easy to take the whole mess loose to take the boat off the strongback so you can take it outside to look at it at various stages of the construction.

Make the transom, completely epoxify (we say "Gougeonize" for the names of the two boys who first introduced me to solventless epoxy back in the sixties) it with all three coats and scrape it smooth (a cabinet scraper works much better on epoxy than sandpaper). We hollow the inside of the middle of a transom out so that the edges are thick and the middle is thin. We also carve the outside so that it is convex both ways. Temporarily screw the transom to the garboard strakes and a temporary knee outside the boat so you can get to everything inside.

The actual transom knee (if we even fit one at all) is one of the last things to go in the boat. Pay close attention to the rake. If the boat is to be run with an outboard, the transom angle is critical. If you must err, err on the side of too much rake. It is heartbreaking to build a boat such that the engine won't tilt down enough to run level. You can live with one that doesn't get full advantage of the shallow water tilt of the engine or you can modify the tilt mechanism, but there is nothing you can do to correct the former problem. It is possible that the forcing of the planking will decrease the rake as the boat is shaped too. Watch out. When you get the transom on there straight, brace it to the overhead so it can't move any way at all. Leave the two plumb lines hanging so you can re-assure yourself.

Then, heat up the room and turn on the de-humidifier (or the AC. The conflict between a powerful wood heater and a 15,000 BTU air conditioner will dry out the room pretty quick).

Watch the garboard strakes. The part that has no fiberglass will begin to cup. After a while, you should have the two garboard strakes and the stem and transom all braced and shaped to suit you. By then, the outside epoxy will be hard, the planking will have adapted to the twist and will be cupped so that everything will stay right when you take off all the tape and sticks and junk that you have jacklegged up to hold it.

While you ease the strain, watch what happens. You might have go back to jacklegging. If things stay sort of right, put a new screw through the fiberglass tape up by the stem (or stems) to hold the boat in the middle of the strongback and remove all the screws that were holding the middle to the strongback. Watch that the planks don't pick up and hog the keel. If they do, push them back down and put a drop of super glue in the screw hole to hold them. Fiberglass the inside of the garboard strakes across the seam and the fiberglass tape that is holding the two planks together. This will finally hold the boat so that the final shape of the garboards and their relationship to the ends of the boat are set. You can take it off the strongback and wander around with it if you want to and it will stay straight. It is easy money from here on.

Make two little diagonal braces from the strongback to near the edges of the garboard strakes near the center to hold things sort of stiff and level for spiling the next planks. You will probably have to remove one brace to make room for the spiling batten. Lay the spiling batten on there just right. We have a bunch of spiling battens, all covered with tape to keep them from warping and to make it so we can mark with a sharp permanent marker, which wipes completely off with acetone (I tried those dry erase markers that teachers use, but I kept erasing the line with my elbow).

The lay of the batten for a boat that will have cupped planks and no bevel is different from that of a boat with beveled plank laps. On a boat with cupped planking, the batten must lie flat against the plank along the lap. On a boat with beveled laps, the batten lies as if it were a tangent to the arc of the imaginary frame at each station. We screw the batten to the planks of the boat so that we can be sure it is lying right. The batten, when it is finally right, will look funny to you if you are used to conventional lapstrake construction, but you will be able to see what kind of cup you are going to have to develop in the new plank.

There is no chance to edge-set planking as thin as ours, even the least little bit, without making waves in the plank and bumps along the laps. The spiling battens we use around the turn of the bilge even have a pre-cup made into them so we can get it right. You have to manipulate the edge of the plank that is on the boat while you attach the batten so that it is has a fair run. A lot of the times, after the batten is on there, we can see an unfairness in the edge and we have to take out screws and adjust the bend of the edge of the plank and re-attach the batten. This is no time to get in a hurry or get interrupted. Park the bulldozer in the driveway, feed the dog and change the baby. After you have walked around and around it fifty times, trace the edge of the plank and the ends of the boat on the tape with the marker and take the batten loose and go looking for a board to make the first broad strake.

(To Be Continued)



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Here is another traditional looking sharpie that made it through the prototype stage this year and into my \$1 brochure. Sharpies, with their plywood flat bottoms, really are easier to build for most any builder, amateur or pro. They can have very shallow draft making them great for beaching or poking around in nooks and crannies that deeper draft boats must avoid. They usually can have more space inside, especially floor space, than other types. What they can’t do better than non flat bottomed boats is handle rough water. They slam and bang around as each wave meets that flat bottom. Pretty much for protected waters and you ought to think twice before taking one out into whitecap waves.

My HC Skiff is a rework of a “typical sharpie skiff” that appears on page 101 of Howard Chapelle’s great book *American Small Sailing Craft*. If you own only one book about small sailing boats this might be the one to have. The lines of my version are straight out of Howard’s offset table. By today’s standards it has a narrow hull, 18’ long and only about 4’ wide on the bottom. The stem rides about an inch above the water, then the bottom goes straight to the deepest point of the hull at about half the length of the hull. Then the bottom sweeps way up above the waterline for a very high and small transom indeed.

These were working hulls. Heavy loads could be carried without immersing the stern which is always harmful to a boat with no motor. You put everything in the stern and the transom still stays clear of the water. I think a hull shaped like this has a lot to admire and is little improved upon by any modern flatie skiff. Chapelle said the shape was common along the east coast from 1860 to 1900.

The prototype shown here was built by Dan Roach of Danvers, Massachusetts, very close to where Chapelle found the original boat he surveyed for his book. Dan said the boat is fast and handy and can take all of the family including the dog.

I used modern plywood construction on HC Skiff. The old boats were nailed together from 1” boards and left outside until they dried. They must have been very heavy both in their construction and soakage, not to mention the

More New Boats

The HC Skiff

By Jim Michalak

payload of clams and oysters. My version uses five sheets of 1/4” plywood and five sheets of 1/2” plywood and will weigh about 450lbs empty. It’s all done with prefab parts, no jigs or lofting needed. The side to bottom joints are taped seam to avoid fitting a chine log to the sides that are twisting all along their length.

I had to tinker with the sail rig, which was of the same style shown here but at least 50% larger. On the heavy old boats that might have been OK but I’m sure it would have been way too much for the lighter plywood hull. I kept the large centerboard and the barn door rudder. I added hull air boxes bow and stern for a chance of self rescue after a swamping. Also added some bench seats where the original had three simple thwarts.

Plans for the HC Skiff are \$30 from me, Jim Michalak, 118 Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.





Butcher Boy is the oldest surviving San Diego built water craft. She celebrates her first century in 2002, becoming the third member of the San Diego Maritime Museum fleet, after *Star of India* (1863) and *Berkeley* (1898) to mark her 100th birthday.

Butcher Boy began her long and varied life amidst modest origins, near the old foot of B Street, in the boatyard of local shipwright Manuel Goularte (who would later build the harbor boat *Pilot*, also part of the Museum's fleet). The new boat first took shape as a whittled out model, without blueprints. Her lines, as they emerged, echoed those of the Columbia River salmon boats. The double-ended 29 footer is flush decked and gaff rigged, designed to be handled at the tiller by a single operator in the aftmost hatch.

As one of many small workboats plying San Diego Bay and the ocean just beyond, *Butcher Boy* labored in aid of supporting the large windjammers that called for fresh groceries and other supplies, which would heave to off the Coronado Roads to avoid the time consuming navigating of our channel.

Her gaff main, an enormous cloud of canvas (some 604sf) made her exceptionally fast, and her large hogged bowsprit could carry tremendously large headsails off the wind. With competition for business keen, a speedy boat was essential, and *Butcher Boy* was, as stories told, the swiftest of them all.

A fledgling local yachting community took early notice of *Butcher Boy*, as many a weekday-workboat was chartered for weekend "Corinthian duty." Motorboats, however, were supplanting sail-powered vessels and by 1905, *Butcher Boy* left her work-boat days behind to become a full-time racing and cruising yacht under the ownership of San Diego

Butcher Boy

Reprinted with permission from *Full & By*, the newsletter of the San Diego Maritime Museum

By Terry Shewmaker

yachtsman Kent Hamilton.

The San Diego Yacht Club selected her to defend the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup that year against a four-boat field that included 1904 SDYC winner *Detroit*, this time in the hands of the challenging South Coast YC (today's Los Angeles YC). She placed second in this classic match-up that was contested in the Pacific off the Hotel del Coronado, and recalled in a diorama aboard the Museum's steamship *Berkeley*.

Butcher Boy later garnered success elsewhere, winning the first two J.H. Williams Challenge Cups (1905, 1906), and numerous other offshore regattas under a succession of owners for the next two decades. She is alive today as a splendid example of an age gone by. *Butcher Boy* also flew the Commodore's pennant (1908, 1925) as SDYC flagship.

By 1930, however, *Butcher Boy* left San Diego with yet another owner. A new phase of her life began, with new racing and cruising venues: Newport and San Pedro, San Clemente and Santa Catalina and the Channel Islands. With each new owner came a slightly different configuration both on deck and in her rig.

By the spring of 1971, word reached longtime San Diego yachtsman Joseph Jessop

Sr. that *Butcher Boy* still existed, somewhere in Southern California. Old Joe Jessop loved a challenge. Teaming up with Capt. Ken Reynard, the formidable leader of *Star of India*'s restoration, they began their search.

They inspected a small boat in the Playa del Rey area that was promising yet suspect, as more than one vessel had carried the *Butcher Boy* name. Joe was later to say, "I was sure it wasn't *Butcher Boy*." But close examination convinced them this was indeed the 1902 incarnation of their quest. On her sail back home, *Butcher Boy*'s crew marveled at her still-legendary speed, reported by Reynard as "about 6.7 knots under sail, in only a moderate but fair wind!" On this return voyage, *Butcher Boy* carried a symbolic slab of bacon to celebrate her homecoming in a fashion worthy of her long ago beginnings as a meat boat.

Today, *Butcher Boy* is embarking on her second century as a vital reminder of early San Diego maritime history. She has been restored to her original workboat appearance, and with the aid of a custom trailer often makes appearances at wooden boat shows and yacht club openings. She also serves as flagship of the Maritime Museum's Small Craft Collection. Presently she resides in storage at the B Street Pier terminal, not terribly far from the site of her old launching-place (since filled in by dredging), awaiting a permanent home of her own at the Maritime Museum's proposed new facility along the Embarcadero.

(Note: Research by Terry Shewmaker, volunteer researcher at the San Diego Maritime Museum. Contact her at <BoatShewSD@aol.com>)

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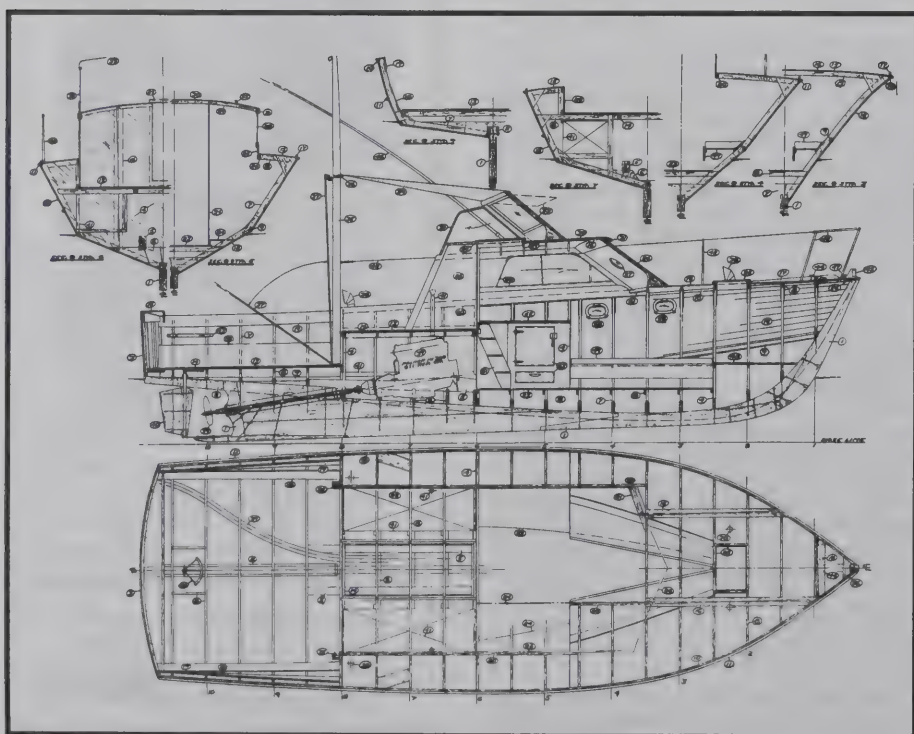
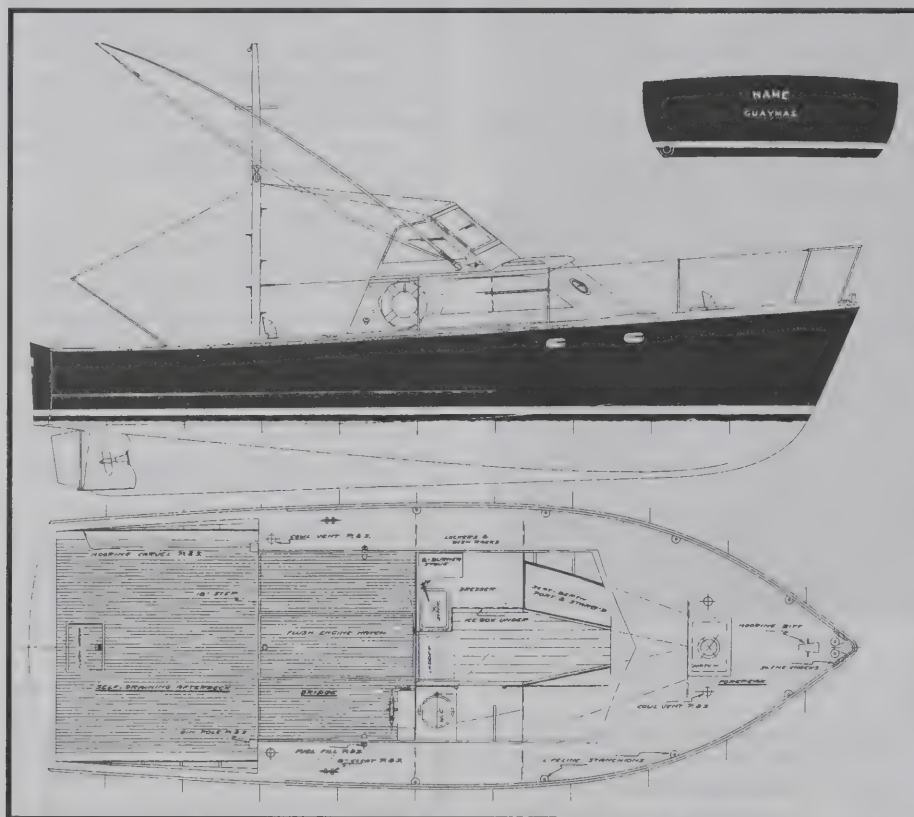
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32'0" length on deck
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 2'11" draft
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This design was commissioned in 1957 by a charter fleet operator in Guaymas, Mexico, for day sport fishing in the Sea of Cortez, with special attention to shade; note the flip-up awning over the fishing cockpit, gathered up with brails instantly on hooking a fish. Several of them were built elsewhere. We were recently shown some action video of one in Connecticut that had just been nicely refurbished at thirty odd years of age.

They were lightly-built boats, with 3/4" carvel planking on light sawn frames on 18" centers and 3/8" plywood decks, but some of them stood up very well, partly because they could run quite smoothly without stressing the structure heavily, even in a steep chop. The lightweight theme was followed with single engines, a gasoline 308ci 6-cylinder Palmer as designed (about 150hp), minimal cabin accommodations and superstructure, and comparatively low and light fish-spotting positions on the gin poles instead of a tower.

At the time all this was not unusual; the heavy sport fishing boat in the nowstandard fashion was just beginning to be seen and was looked down on by serious sport fishermen. Twin screws were condemned as line-catchers and twin-screw maneuvering "for sissies". All this weight-saving allowed the boats to float on an 8' wide waterline with a half-entrance angle of less than 12 degrees; that is, very narrow and extremely sharp-bowed. The sharp bow called for a deep forefoot to float the forward end of the boat. With engine and tank weight, the only heavy items, well amidships, the flat stern was only a couple of inches under water.

The result was that they could, and can if they haven't been "modernized", run up to twenty knots with a beautifully clean and low bow wave and very low and light following wave. They accelerate with no labored breaking-free of their stern wave, and can be swung sharply at a standstill in spite of the big skeg protecting the propeller. At reduced speed they're very economical. For that matter they are very economical at high speed compared with modern boats that can keep up with them, especially in rough water.

Flaring sides to the wide deck breadth, combined with the fine lines that make little spray and lay what they do make low, well aft, and close alongside, make them very dry boats. The deck ergonomics are good; it's easy and quick to get around on top of them from bow to stern.

Most people find them very good looking. But with all these virtues, boats like this have not been built for decades. Reasons: They cannot carry much weight, especially weight high in or over the boat; if you want a deck lounge with a flying bridge on top, and a tall tuna tower on top of that, you can't have a boat on these proportions. It would first bog down and then roll over. The perilously low cockpit (at the time, in a serious sport fishing boat, it was expected that a man could stand on the cockpit sole at the stern and touch the water with his fingertips) is a hazard in the light boat and would be suicidal in a heavy one.

The cabin is just a cuddy, its major concession to luxury being an enclosed toilet (with 3/8" partitions). It's just a rain shelter or emergency overnight on the very narrow transom berths. That pointy bow pre-empted anything more.

Their top speed is limited. The strong variation in their deadrise aft becomes increasingly inefficient at the top of the speed range, and at some point the deep forefoot is forced up out of the water and the boat becomes unstable. Some of these boats are alleged to have run as fast as 25 knots, but if that's true (and we suspect fast watches and short miles) that is the limit. They likely show to best economic advantage at 15 knots cruise give or take a couple.

They feel comparatively unsteady. The combination of wide deck, narrow waterline, and light weight, means that when somebody goes forward beside the bridge, her weight is winged out a foot and a half from the waterline. The boat will heel noticeably, which makes some people uncomfortable. On the other hand, if you want to go offshore fishing, "sea-legs" seem a prerequisite anyway.

From the designers' point of view, such boats are liable to uncomprehending abuse. A few years ago the owner of a boat contemporary with this one and rather similar except for being much bigger, showed us proudly how he had "upgraded" her. He had built a deckhouse with a lot of built-in furniture over her bridge, a flying bridge with shelter over

that, and erected a thirty-foot tuna tower on that. The gasoline engines had been replaced with much more powerful diesels and tank capacity increased. The cabin had been outfitted with refrigeration, holding tanks, and so on. Most of the added weight had happened to be placed near the center of flotation so she was on her fore-and-aft lines and did not look overloaded at first glance.

But the fishing cockpit, very large, and too low by present standards to begin with, was now so close to the water that when I stepped on the rail to board her, water washed in at the scupper on that side. It frightened me to be below decks in her in a marina berth. The owner insisted that she was a fine sea boat, with many open water passages and dangerous inlets to her credit. He was furious when I would not write a testimonial, and cancelled a commission to design a new, bigger, boat.

It's a fact that she had not capsized up to that point, and as far as we know, she still has not. By any calculation we can do, she is a menace, as, by the way, are a large number of other boats that we see around, but it is amazing how few of them get into serious trouble. In that state she recently was on the market again as a "Bolger" design.

1/36 Scale Model Bay Hen

By Bill Zeitler

My Bay Hen PMT (Poor Man's Trawler) *Amenity*, a 21' sharpie sailing vessel converted into a 5hp shallow water power cruiser apparently impressed my good friend Mr. Herman Hopple of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. In addition to Herman being a Marsh Hen sailor (with sails!), the "Grand Poohba" of the "Hensnest" cybersite of Hen-boat lovers, he is obviously also an excellent craftsman.

Herman has been out with me a few times and surprised and astounded me by making a 1/36 scale model of my boat. The model is only 7" long, exact to the customized details and even sports a nano-Honda 5/4 cycle engine with a 1/8" diameter rotating prop!

It's just too nice to take with me into my bathtub, so it is proudly displayed on the mantel over my fireplace. Herman must have used a jeweler's loupe and tweezers to make this scale model with a built-up hull and cabin. The cruiser-man is just a tad larger than 1/36 but all that was available from a model train supply store.

1/36 size *Amenity* is barely a handful.



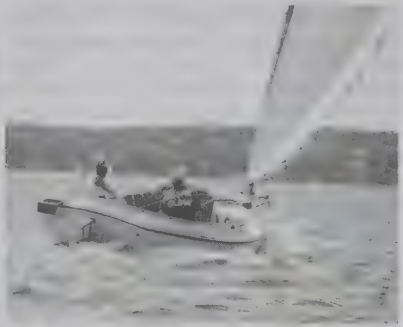
Fullsize *Amenity* at dockside.

Herman Hopple at work on the tiny *Amenity*.



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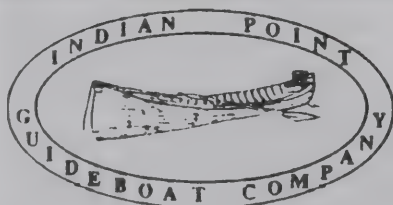
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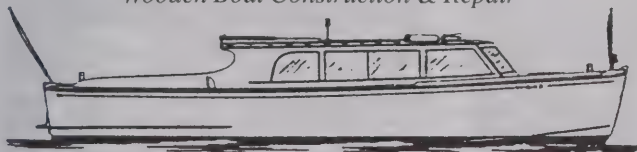
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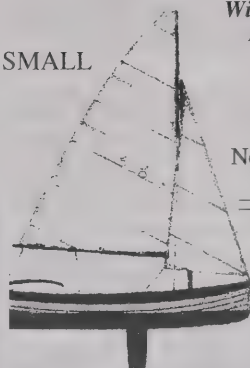


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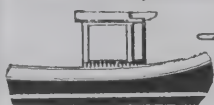
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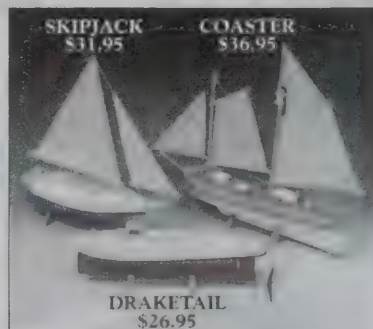
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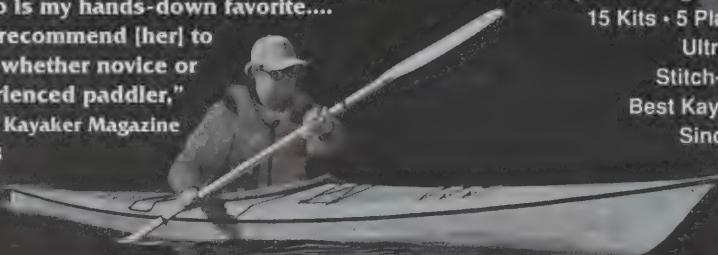
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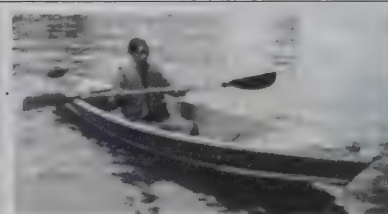
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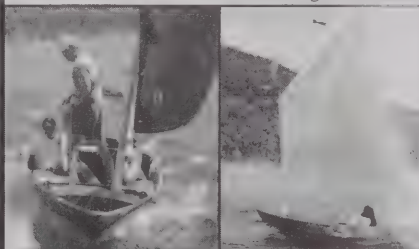
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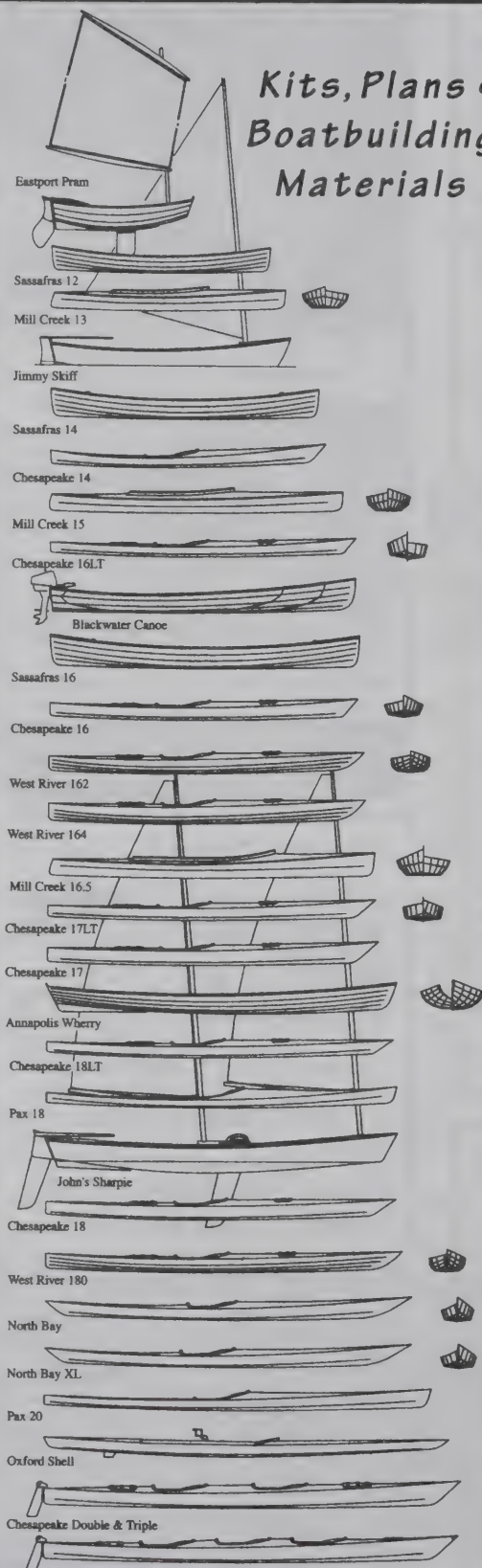
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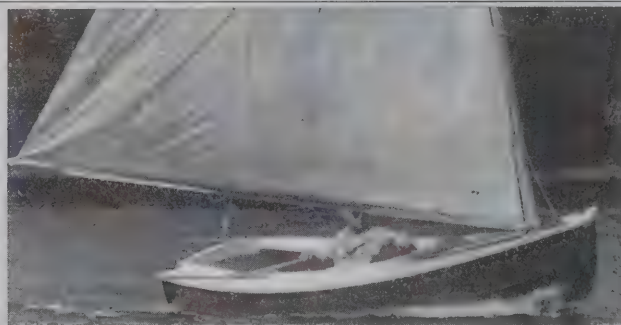
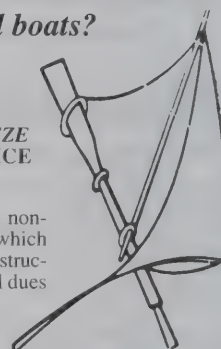
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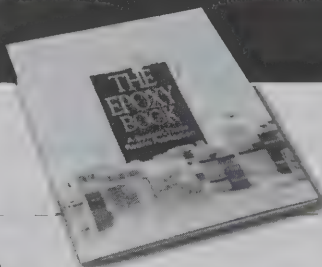
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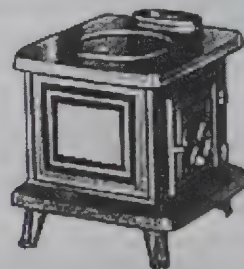
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BOATS FOR SALE

Sea Pearl 21 Cat Ketch, Hull # 201, marconi rigged, leeboards, green hull & gold sails. Hutch trlr, Johnson 4hp long shaft OB, pram top. One owner boat which has been garaged since new when not in use. Extensive boat & cruising kit equipment incl. List available on request. Selling as package only. \$7,000 firm.

RICHARD J. DIX, P.O. Box 103, Hesperia, MI 49421, (231) 854-3545. (19)

16' Hobie Catamaran, compl w/trlr, beach dolly & storage box, all in vy gd cond, incl trampoline, life vests & accessories. \$700 OBO. BOB REDDINGTON, Bay Head, NJ, (732) 295-1590, before 9am or after dark. (19)

23' Swedish Ljungstrom Hull, probably beyond repair but also have most of rig parts. NOBLE ENGE, 3348 St. Rd. 13, Switzerland, FL 32259, (904) 287-2820. (19)

Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store. FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

18' Alden "O" Boat, marconi rig, CB daysailer, plank on frame, blt '98, launched '01. \$15,000 w/trlr. CHIP FLANAGAN, Portland, ME, (207) 799-3400, www.chipboat.com. (19P)

Bolger Micro, in progress. Hull 80+% compl. Nds raised deck & sliding hatch. Masts are laminated & tapered, nd finishing. Lead keel poured & ready for attachment. Most small parts fabricated & ready for installation. Comes w/blueprints & building key. \$750. BOB GERFY, Lopez Island, WA, (360) 468-4992, <gerfy@interisland.net>. (20)

Nimble 20, tropical version. Dk green hull w/buff topsides. Bronze fittings w/teak trim, companionway doors & interior. 3 tanbark sails in exc cond. Johnson 6hp Sail-Master engine, galv trlr w/new axle, new wheels, & 7.50x14 tires, spare wheel. Compass, Danforth w/rode, 12v battery, Pioneer stereo, fenders, docklines, etc. West Marine 9' dinghy. A freshwater boat in gd cond, ready to go. Asking \$10,000. TERRY HEINZ, 11963 Argenta Rd., Argenta, IL 62501, (217) 795-2348 eves. (20)



14' Brockway Skiff, '93, clean, orig example of Earl's classic wooden skiffs, w/'93 9.9hp Mercury, new galv trlr, anchor/rode, 7' oars, lines, etc. \$1,950 firm (pictured). **17' Sea Kayak**, '93 Wilderness Systems SeaLution XL model, Harry Ticken design, light use, list \$1,350 new, asking \$650 OBO. **14'10" Thompson Sea Mate**, '65 vy gd orig example of this classic wooden lapstrake runabout, w/50hp Mercury & trailer. One of the last built by Ray Thompson at the Peshtigo WI plant. \$1,650 firm. BERNARD DENOYER, Ridgefield, CT, (203) 438-7481 please leave message. (19)

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Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

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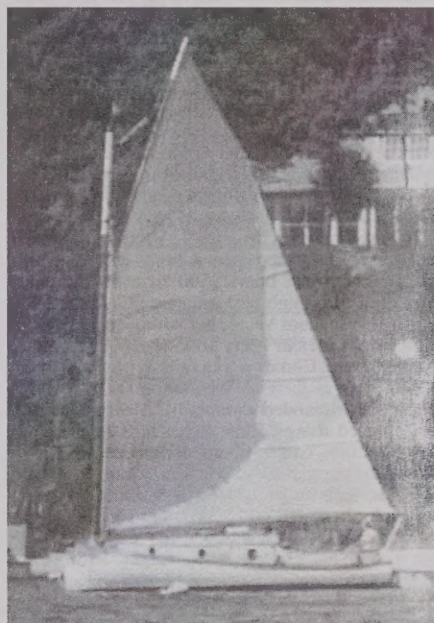
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16' Classic Wood Sloop, full keel, marconi rigged, cuddy, OB & trlr. Compl rblt, surveyed & insured. \$7,000. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (19)



'72 Marshall Catboat Hull, '83, 26' x 12' x 2'6". FG is about 7/8" thick at keel, solid, no core. Finished out by Concordia Yachts, S. Dartmouth, MA. Chosen for its stability for a man in a wheelchair. 75hp, 4cyl FWC Volvo diesel, 2:1 reduction w/less than 100 hrs. Edison hydraulic steering & wheel. Twin bilge keels. 2 bronze seacocks are only holes in bottom of boat. 5 dbl bronze steps on rudder & hull, 4 10" & 1 12" cleats, 4 chocks, 12 HD chainplates for any combo, dbl rubrails w/1/2 md guard, all above hvy bronze. Cabin section about 1" of insulation, 9 cabin windows all opening, molded in deck shelf entire hull length, full length engine stringers 2" x 10", extra stiffeners in hull. Crows nest, 2 gin poles. Gear that goes w/boat too much to list or remember. Also scale model of boat incl. \$25,000. **'72 Marshall 22**, new sail & sail cover '99. 22hp Palmer (gas) runs vy well. Larger sail area than normal. Open arrangement below. Nds cosmetics & repairs around deck icebox. Sailed every day from May to November weather permitting. \$19,000.

BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742-4750, (732) 295-1590 before 9am or after dark, at 81 I still go out to play every day. Sorry, no email. (20)



'06 WW Phinney Cat Boat, Matchless. LOA 26'. Beam 11'6", draft 3'5", Power Westerbeke 4-107, Sail full batten Gaff 620sf area. This boat is a floating museum, an antique, not unlike my grandfather's axe I inherited, (3 new handles, 4 heads). She is offered fully found for \$45,000 firm. Serious parties can request a listing document for \$5. Viewing by appointment. PETER HANEY, PO Box 3262, Bourne, MA 02532, (508) 759-9613. (20)



Classic 18' Pete Culler Kingston Lobster Boat, dbl sprit rig. Professionally restored in '90s, now used as electric launch w/onboard charger. Perfect picnic boat, well maintained. Trlr. Pd indr storage until spring. \$8,500 OBO. **16' Lowell Kayak**, from Herreshoff design. Dbl paddle, folding seat, bright interior, coaming, transom & rails. \$2,500 OBO. JANE MOODY, Newburyport, MA, (978) 462-4470, <janemoody@aol.com> (20)

FG Sailing Sneakbox. \$350. 8' Sumner Dinghy. Asking \$350.

ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (19P)

12' Bobcat, spars & sail exc, trlr gd, hull nds work. Asking \$350.

AMEY OR RICHARD GARBBER, San Francisco, CA, (415) 863-0361. (20)

Fleet Reduction Sale, #1 Whitehall Dinghy, 12' x 4' rowing/sailing Jarvis Newman FG replica, 60sf sprit rig, pivoting CB, water-tight flotation-storage compartments, varnished mahogany gunwales, 2 rowing stations. Vy solid clean cond. \$400 firm. **#2 Whitholtz Catboat Dinghy.** 11' x 5' FG, nds only minor interior work to compl. Vy fair & pretty; comes w/rudder, wood spars & brand new 75sf gaff sail. A grt project boat! \$500 firm **#3 Panther Daysailer,** ultra high performance FG, 15.5' x 7', similar to Vanguard Vector but without asymmetrical spinnaker. Planes in 12kts of wind. 100% ready to race or daysail. Comes w/exc sails & trlr. \$400 firm. **#4 MX Ray,** as their ads say, "Simply the world's fastest single handed monohull." Has repeatedly been clocked at over 22kts, planes in 10kts of wind. 13' x 5', 120lbs, carbon fiber spars, asymmetrical spinnaker. Comes w/dolly & trlr. Cost over \$6,000 in 1997, sacrifice for \$1,300 firm. **#5 Whitehall Dinghy Hull Shell,** 10' x 4' FG rowing version. New, never finished. It wt has bulkheads installed to enable it to be made into nesting dinghy. \$150 firm. All boats are located in central Florida. JAY LUDVIGH, Deland FL, (386) 734-7129 eves 6-8pm. Please talk to answering machine, we screen all our calls, <eludvigh@stetson.edu. (20)



33' Knutson Pilot Sloop, designed by Aage Nielson at Sparkman & Stephens. Blt '48. Universal 3cyl 21hp diesel, Nat Wilson sails. Exc cond. Specs & photos available. \$38,000.

BARBARA CELTO, Centerbrook, CT, (860) 767-0425. (21P)

BOATS WANTED

Penn Yan Swift, 12' runabout, or Aristo-Craft Torpedo (2 seater), 14' runabout.

JIM MANNING, Beverly, MA, (978) 922-6655, <pegretti@aol.com> (19)

Small Boat, 13'-15', single cyl engine 5-8hp.

GERRY BUNTING, 150 Willow St., Roslyn, Hts, NY 11577, (516) 621-8886. (19)

Pulling Boat, 18'-20', wherry preferred. Looking for fixed seat double for recreational & competitive rowing in New England.

CRAIG ROBINSON, 156 Lincoln St., Hingham, MA 02043, (781) 749-7954, <ctrobinson@media one.net. (20)

Used Iceboat, any cond.

GERMAINE CONNOLLY, Springfield Center, NY, (540) 338-5556, <gconnell@cvm.fda.gov> (20)

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Sail Rigs, salvaged from 2 vintage 15' loa Snipe Class. 2 masts approx 17', 2 booms approx 8', 1 daggerboard. 2 sets older dacron sails (mains & jibs). No rigging to speak of. Free to a good home, take one or both. No guarantee.

DANIEL COAKLEY, Arlington, MA, (781) 646-6355, leave message. (20)

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Lightning Mast, wood (preferred) or aluminum. AL FITTIPALDI, Titusville, NJ, (609) 818-0350. (20)

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WINTERS BROTHERS, P.O. Box 494, Caledonia, MI 49316. (21P)



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SOUTHPORT ISLAND MARINE, P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576, (207) 633-6009. (TFP)

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LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (20)



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NORS, PO Box 143, Woolwich, Maine 04579 USA, (207) 985-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <nors@loa.com>, www.norsgear.com (20)

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GEAR WANTED

Used Water Rower Machine, working cond, in New England.Gd home, won't work it too hard. WAYNE DONELSON, Ashburnham, MA, (978) 827-6639, <donelson@tiac.nec> (19)

Swap, 50hp 4 cyl Mercury OB w/short shaft, my boat takes a long shaft. Want to swap motors or find long shaft w/blown powerhead from which to salvage long shaft lower unit.

BOB WHITTIER, Box T, Duxbury, MA 02331, Fax (781) 934-1392, <whittier@mymailstation.com> (19)

Boom Brake, for 30' sloop. **Iceboat Skate** for Ice Fish alum iceboat (pr. okay). Blt unknown. Have front skate.

E. CASS, 81 HCR, Wellington, ME 04942, (207) 683-2435, <edeshea@tdstelme.net> (20)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

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GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA2, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221 (TF)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



New Design! Tape seam skiff built w/lines taken from a Westport work skiff. 17'10" x 6'3" lt wt, strong & easy on the eyes. Building Plans \$75, Visa/MC JERRY MATHIEU, CUSTOM SKIFFS, Box 3023, Westport, MA, 02790, (508) 679-5050, (508) 636-8020.

MAIB, 103 back issues from '97. \$25/OBO. e-mail for compl list.

DENNY ORTMAN, 20 Maple Rd., York, PA 17403, (717) 741-4345, dennyo@juno.com (20)

Afloat, complete sets of all 14 back numbers of this '90s British version of *Messing About in Boats* edited & published by Carol & Dennis Davis. \$30US payable to Dennis Davis sent by sea mail.

CAROL & DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford, Devon EX39 1TB, ENGLAND. (20)

Small Boat Journal, pilot issue 3/79 through #72 (#21 & #23 missing) plus 5 from '90 & '91. \$100 OBO plus shipping.

LEON BAKKE, 1872 Walnut, Muskegon, MI 49441, (231) 755-7528. (19P)

WoodenBoat Magazines, 1995: 123, 125, 127. 1996: 133, 1997: 135, 136, 137. 1998: 140, 141, 144, 145. 2000: 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157. \$2.50 ea plus p&h. *Messing About in Boats Magazines*, 2000: Vol 18 Nos 1-14, Vol 17 Nos 18 & 20. \$.30 ea plus p&h.

HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (19)

WoodenBoat Magazines, #6-160, some missing. Nobody wanted the whole lot for \$300 so they're available individually while they last at the following pricing postpaid: Single issue \$5, 6 issue packets \$18, 12 issue packets \$30. I'll prorate odd amounts to suit. Call w/your needs, I'll hold your issues awaiting your check.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 6-9pm best. (19)

Flicka Sailboat, 20' lod, 1 only compl set of blueprints, plans to build one boat. \$350.

GEORGE HAUX, Skaneateles, NY, (315) 685-6222, <haux@localnet.com> (19)

Copies of Plans, from 20 *Boats*, *Boatbuilder's Annuals*, *Boatbuilding Annuals*, *Motorboating Ideal Series*.

BILL SHAUGHNESSY, 16219 Lake Saunders Dr., Tavares, FL 32778. (20)

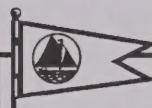
From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)

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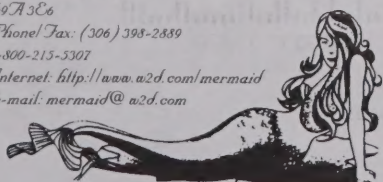
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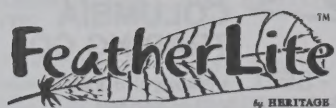


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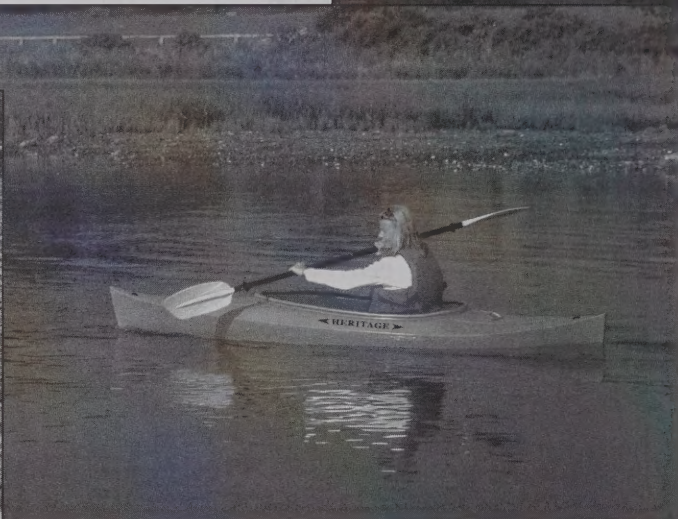
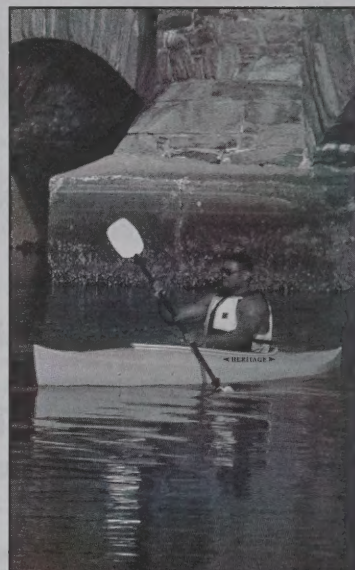


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